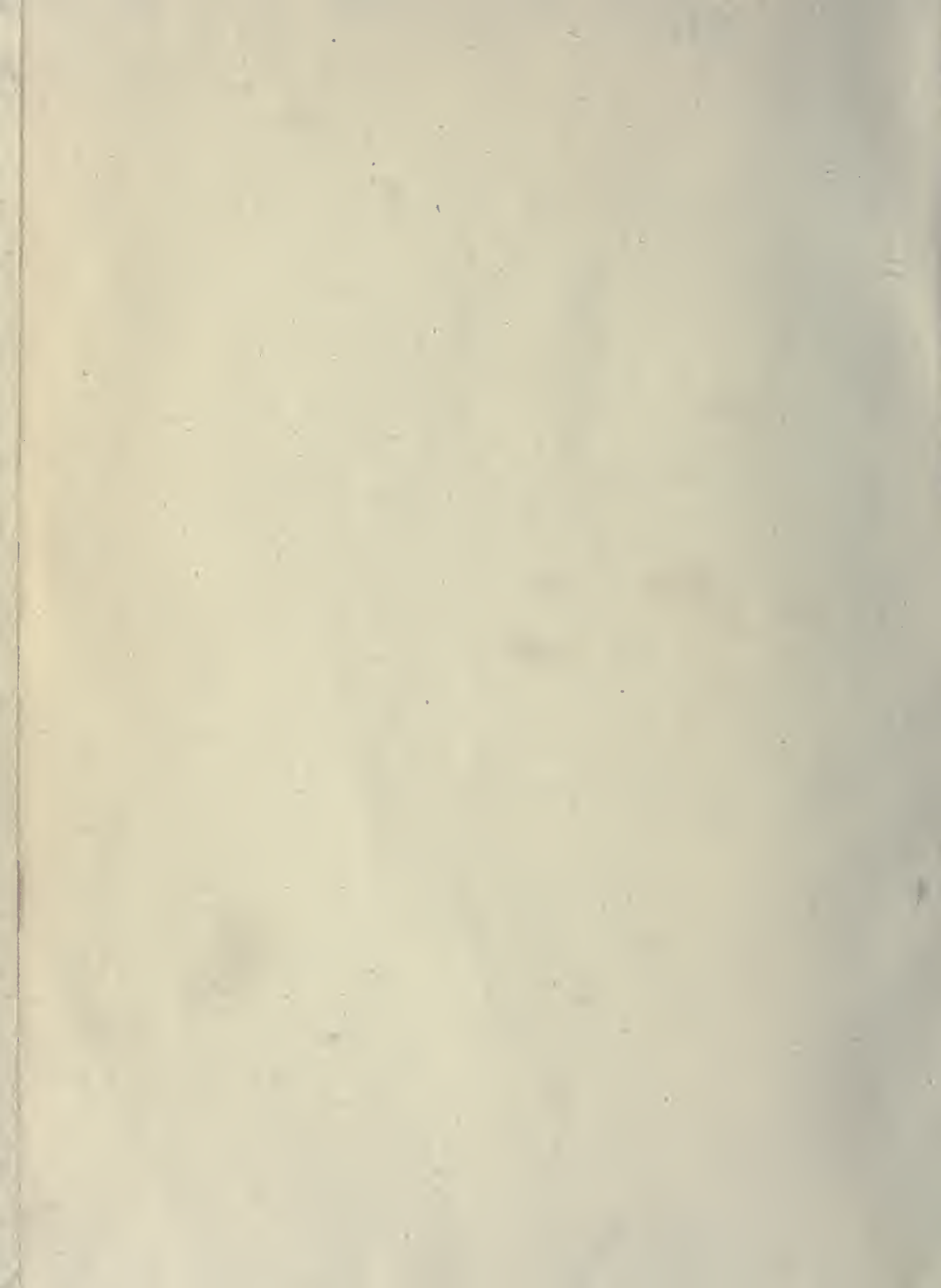
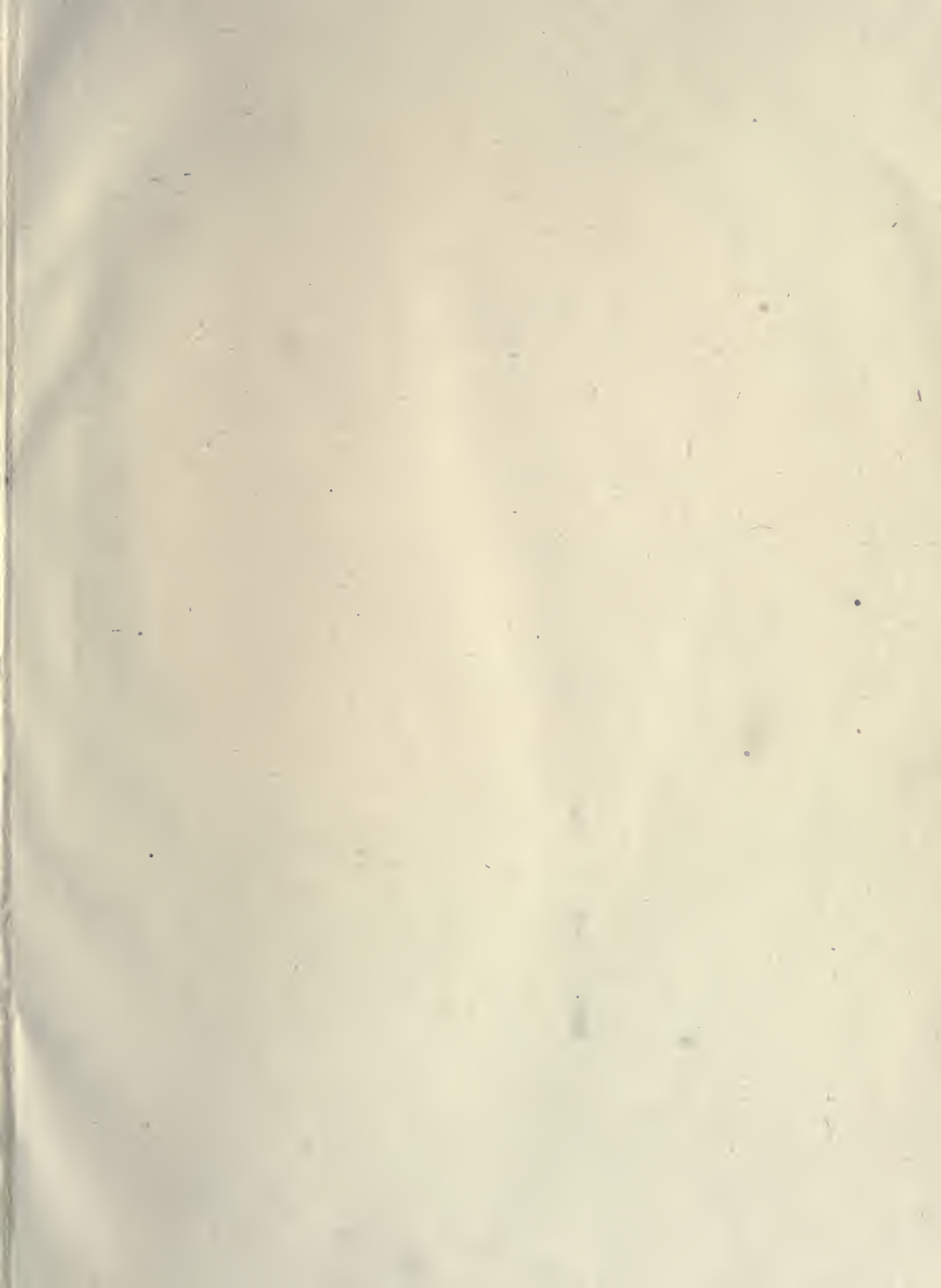


BINDING FROM AUG 15 1923.





THE ANDRIA
OF
TERENCE,

ADAPTED FOR REPRESENTATION AT
ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, RADLEY.

"Adeo venusto ut nil supra."

WITH A TRANSLATION. [by L.J.]

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INTRODUCTION.



THE *Andria* needs little introduction to any audience; here at Radley none, in the strict sense. A few words of explanation, however, are needed this year. The play has been acted here on four previous occasions; and even now that we have taken to straying into less familiar paths of Latin comedy it has been thought well to make an exception, and in this case 'anticum obtinere'—'to keep the good old ways.' Terence should be represented by one play at least in our series; and he can be represented by none so fitly as the *Andria*, which is probably on the whole to be regarded as the crowning achievement of Roman Comedy.

It is somewhat the fashion in these days to decry Terence, which is perhaps an inevitable reaction from the excessive admiration of last century. Comparisons are made between Greek and Latin plays highly unfavourable to the latter. Is it realised that in reproducing Terence we are really reproducing what is in its essence Greek? The Latin in it is accidental. If we had Menander, we would act him: unhappily we have not, and not having him, let us do the best we can, and act 'half-Menander,' as Terence is called by Julius Cæsar in lines not known so well as they deserve to be, thus paying him the finest compliment ever given to a translator. But in these latter days a stout champion has arisen for Terence in an unexpected quarter. George Meredith, in his *Essay on Comedy*, quotes Sainte-Beuve as calling up the ghost of Menander, saying, "For the love of me love Terence." It is through love of Terence," he adds, "that moderns are able to love Menander." Again, "For us Terence shares with his master the praise of an amenity that is like Elysian speech, equable and ever gracious; like the face of the Andrian's young sister:—

'Adeo modesto, adeo venusto, ut nil supra.'

"The celebrated 'flens quam familiariter,' of which the closest rendering grounds hopelessly on harsh prose, to express the sorrowful confidingness of a young girl, who has lost her sister and dearest friend, and has but her lover left to her; 'she turned and

flung herself on his bosom, weeping as though at home there : ' this our instinct tells us must be Greek, though hardly finer in Greek.' And Meredith does not hesitate to join with the names of Shakespeare and Molière those of "Menander, and with him through the affinity of sympathy, Terence," as the four writers of the whole world possessing the 'beautiful translucency of language,' which he holds to be the foundation of good comedy. Of this play he says, "His picture of the two Andrians, Chrysis and her sister, is nowhere to be matched for tenderness."

On former occasions it was found necessary to cut down the length of the play, and it appeared on our stage sadly curtailed. This year it will be presented, not absolutely in its integrity indeed—limits of time alone would make that impossible—but in all essentials, it is hoped, a perfect whole as Terence wrote it ; and the baby in particular, who plays so important a part as a mute (though not wholly silent) character, is restored to his prerogatives.

The old Radley text of the play was printed with George Colman's clever translation. It is not in disparagement of that translation that a new rendering is printed with this text. Colman's work is more than a century old. Nothing changes more quickly than colloquial idiom ; and I felt that if the translation was to make the Latin a reality it must be as far as possible in the dialect of to-day. And there was another reason. It is a commonplace that the metres of Latin comedy are not very obvious to eye or ear. There have even been those who denied their existence. Still they are there for the appreciation of any one who will take the trouble to look for them ; and they are really integral to the plays. Now Colman, insisting strongly on the necessity of a verse translation, yet rendered all the various metres of Terence indifferently into what he calls "familiar blank verse"—ten-syllabled lines in colloquial idiom. A stricter application of his own arguments would have led him to vary the English metre to suit the changes of the Latin. Besides the obvious difference of Iambic from Trochaic there are minor differences depending upon the length of the lines. The present translation endeavours roughly to observe all these points of difference by a corresponding change of metre. Colman's "familiar blank verse" is kept for the Iambic Trimeter, which is the metre in which the bulk of the Latin is written.

A line of fourteen syllables is taken to represent the Iambic Tetrameter; and a line of fifteen syllables with trochaic beat does duty for the Trochaics. There are also some minor varieties. The effect of the transition from Iambic to Trochaic (or *vice versa*) seems, I am afraid, very awkward in English; something like a horse in a canter changing from one leg to the other. Was the effect in Latin less abrupt? Perhaps not: one thing in any case is clear. The change of metre always marks a change in the dramatic interest. The metre for narrative and ordinary dialogue is the Iambic Trimeter: it gives place to Trochaics when excitement or strong feeling is to be expressed. The Iambic Tetrameter holds an intermediate position, while the strongest emotions are represented by a rapid change from one metre to another, in passages which have a lyrical character, and which at Rome were undoubtedly sung. To observe the changes of the metre is thus to observe the changing emotions and character of the plot as it develops; and this should contribute to a true appreciation of the play. But rules must not be ridden too hard, and I have sometimes deviated deliberately from my own principles. I hope that the attempt to attain to some extent these two objects will be taken as some excuse for rough rhythm and defective English. That the translation is *prosaic* would be no discredit to it. Horace himself has laid down for us, of the Latin original

nisi quod pede certo

Differt sermoni, sermo merus.

If in the present translation the beat is sometimes only too far from *certain*, it asks indulgence on the ground that the work of putting this little text and translation into shape had to be done within narrow limits of time at the beginning of the holidays: "Ut quimus, aiunt, quando ut volumus non licet."

The text is that of Wagner, and I am under many obligations to the admirable edition of this play by Messrs. Freeman and Sloman. My thanks are due to my brother for the translation of the fifth act, and for helpful criticism on the rest. Also to Mr. Parker and his staff for their very prompt and accurate work in the press.

L. J.

Aug. 24th, 1899.

THE PLOT.

PAMPHILUS, unknown to his father Simo, has married Glycerium, a young lady from Andros, who had settled in Athens with her foster-sister Chrysis three years before the action of the play begins. Chrysis has recently died, and Glycerium is alone in Athens without a friend, except for Pamphilus. At the funeral of Chrysis, Simo has by accident made the discovery that Pamphilus is in love with Glycerium, but knows no more than this; and believing her to be a foreigner, and therefore a discreditable match for an Athenian gentleman, he determines to force Pamphilus into a marriage with Philumena, the daughter of his old friend Chremes. The two old gentlemen had indeed some time back agreed together privately that the marriage should take place this very day, but Chremes has also heard of the young man's attachment to the Andrian, and absolutely refuses to give his daughter. Simo, however, perseveres in a pretence that the marriage is still to take place, hoping thus to induce Pamphilus to break with Glycerium.

Act I. Sc. i. All this Simo explains to his freedman Sosia in the opening Scene. In the

Sc. ii. next Scene he threatens the slave Davus, whom he suspects (not without good

Sc. iii. reason) of a design to frustrate the marriage. Pamphilus comes on indignant and distressed: his father has met him casually in the market-place, and told him he is to marry Philumena that very day. Mysis, Glycerium's waiting-woman, overhears his soliloquy, and in a passage of striking beauty Pamphilus declares to her his resolution to be faithful to Glycerium at any cost to himself.

Act II. Sc. i. The next Act is opened by Charinus, a young friend of Pamphilus, pouring out his woes to his slave Byrria. He is deeply in love with Philumena, and has just heard she is to marry Pamphilus, who now enters and comforts Charinus by protesting his abhorrence of the proposed match.

Sc. ii. But how is it to be escaped? Paternal authority is very strong in Athens: still more so at Rome, and Roman ideas largely colour the play, Davus has a plan.

He has found out that the marriage is all a pretence, and he urges Pamphilus to profess himself ready to obey his father, so that the old gentleman may have no cause of complaint, though the marriage will be broken off, as Chremes

Sc. iii. is determined not to sanction it. Pamphilus reluctantly agrees. Simo now comes on the stage, expecting a refusal and prepared for a 'scene.' He is puzzled at finding Pamphilus compliant, but is encouraged to attempt to persuade Chremes to change his mind.

Act III. Sc. i. At the beginning of the third Act he meets Chremes, and succeeds in talking

Sc. ii. him over. Davus is sent for, and with difficulty hides his confusion at the

complete reversal of his expectations. Simo goes in to tell Pamphilus, who
 Sc. iii. comes out furious to vent his wrath on Davus, who, however, does not give up all hope.

Act IV. Sc. i. Meanwhile Charinus has learnt Pamphilus' apparent perfidy, which was overheard by Byrria, and bitterly reproaches him. Explanations follow, and both young men relieve their feelings by abusing Davus. Glycerium, too, has heard.
 Sc. ii. She has given birth to a child, and in an agony of doubt sends for Pamphilus to come to her.

The knot is tightly bound, and has now to be untied. The ready-witted
 Sc. iii. Davus takes the child and makes Mysis place it before Simo's door. At this
 Sc. iv. moment Chremes is seen approaching. Davus cunningly contrives a scene between himself and Mysis to let him know whose child it is. The discovery determines Chremes to change his mind once more, and he goes in to tell Simo.

Things now look very bad for Pamphilus. The secret marriage must now be avowed and he will be disowned. But the situation is saved by the arrival
 Sc. v. of a certain Crito from Andros. He is next-of-kin to Chrysis, and hearing of her death is come to claim her estate. He recognises Mysis, and learns from her how things stand.

Act V. Sc. i. The last Act opens with a final attempt of Simo to overrule the objections of Chremes. By Athenian law marriage with a foreigner might be set aside.

Sc. ii. Davus now enters from Glycerium's house, rejoicing at the timely arrival of Crito, who declares Glycerium to be of Athenian birth. The assertion seems to Simo so impudent that in exasperation he sends Davus off to the stocks. Then he breaks down at the thought of his son's ingratitude and calls him

Sc. iii. to come out. Pamphilus with difficulty persuades him to see the stranger and

Sc. iv. judge for himself. Chremes recognises Crito as an old acquaintance, but Simo insists on regarding him as an impostor. But at last Crito tells his tale, which is to the effect that an Athenian merchant had been wrecked on Andros with a young child, and that they had been given a home by the father of Chrysis, who on the death of the merchant had adopted the child. Enquiries show that the Athenian merchant was none other than Phania, the brother of Chremes, and that the child was Chremes' own daughter, Pasiphila, whom Phania, on the outbreak of war at Athens, was taking to join Chremes in Asia. Thus Glycerium

Sc. v. is not only of Athenian birth, but she is the daughter of Chremes. So Pamphilus marries a daughter of Chremes after all, and yet there is still the other daughter left for the lovelorn Charinus.

VIII

P E R S O N A E.

SIMO SENEX.

SOSIA LIBERTUS.

DAVOS SERVOS.

MYSIS ANCILLA.

PAMPHILUS ADULESCENS.

CHARINUS ADULESCENS.

BYRRIA SERVOS.

CHREMES SENEX.

CRITO HOSPES.

DROMO SERVOS.

SERVI.

2

CHARACTERS.

SIMO—an old Athenian gentleman.

SOSIA—a freedman of Simo.

DAVUS—confidential slave of Pamphilus.

MYSIS—Glycerium's maid.

PAMPHILUS—Simo's son, secretly married to Glycerium.

CHARINUS—a young Athenian, in love with the daughter of Chremes.

BYRRIA—a slave of Charinus.

CHREMES—another old Athenian gentleman.

CRITO—a stranger from Andros.

DROMO—a slave of Simo.

SLAVES.

The Scene throughout the play is a street in Athens, with the house of Simo on the spectators' right and the house of Glycerium on the left. The entrance at the back of the stage on the right leads to the market-place; that on the left to the harbour.

ACTUS I.

SCAENA I.

SIMO. SOSIA.

SI. Vos istaec intro auferte : abite. Sosia,
Adesdum : paucis te volo.

SO. Dictum puta :
Nempe ut curentur recte haec.

SI. Immo aliud.

SO. Quid est,
Quod tibi mea ars efficere hoc possit amplius?

SI. Nil istac opus est arte ad hanc rem quam paro, 5
Sed eis, quas semper in te intellexi sitas,
Fide et taciturnitate.

SO. Expecto, quid velis.

SI. Ausculta. hoc primum in hac re praedico tibi :
Quas credis esse has, non sunt verae nuptiae.

SO. Quor simulas igitur?

SI. Rem omnem a principio audies : 10

Eo pacto et gnati vitam, et consilium meum
 Cognosces, et quid facere in hac re te velim.
 Nam is postquam excessit ex ephēbis, Sosia,
 Quod plerique omnes faciunt adulescentuli,
 Ut animum ad aliquod studium adiungant, aut equos
 Alere, aut canes ad venandum, aut ad philosophos:
 Horum ille nil egregie praeter cetera
 Studebat, et tamen omnia haec mediocriter:
 Gaudebam.

SO. Non iniuria : nam id arbitror
Adprime in vita esse utile, ut nequid nimis.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter SIMO and SOSIA, from the market, with slaves carrying provisions.

SI. Take these things in : begone. [*Exeunt slaves into the house.*
Here, Sosia :

I want a word with you.

SO. 'Tis good as said.
You mean that these things be well looked to.

SI. No,
Not that.

SO. My skill is at your service, sir.

SI. The thing I have in hand needs not *this* skill, 5
But rather that which lies in you, I know,—
The skill to hold your tongue.

SO. I wait your orders.

SI. Listen ! and this I tell you first of all ;
This wedding you now count on is no true one.

SO. Then why this make-believe ?

SI. You shall hear all 10
From the beginning : Thus you'll understand
My son, my plans, and what part you're to play.
As soon as he had come to man's estate
He did not do as most young men—pursue
With ardour some one hobby—horses, hounds,
Philosophy : in none of these he showed 15
Unusual zeal, yet liked all middling well.
I was delighted.

SO. And quite rightly, sir.

A very useful maxim this for life,
'In all things moderation.'

- SI. Sic vita erat : facile omnes perferre ac pati :
 Cum quibus erat quomque una, eis sese dedere :
 Eorum obsequi studiis : advorsus nemini :
 Numquam praeponens se aliis : ita facillume
 Sine invidia laudem invenias et amicos pares. 25
- SO. Sapienter vitam instituit : namque hoc tempore
 Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit.
- SI. Interea mulier quaedam abhinc triennium
 Ex Andro commigravit huc viciniae,
 Inopia et cognatorum neglegentia 30
 Coacta, egregia forma atque aetate integra.
- SO. Ei, vereor nequid Andria adportet mali.
- SI. Qui tum illam amabant, forte, ita ut fit, filium
 Perduxere illuc, secum ut una esset, meum.
 Egomet continuo mecum 'certe captus est : 35
 Habet.' observabam mane illorum servolos :
 Quaerebam : comperiebam nil ad Pamphilum
 Quicquam attinere. enim vero spectatum satis
 Putabam et magnum exemplum continentiae.
- ↓ Quom id mihi placebat, tum uno ore omnes omnia 40
 Bona dicere et laudare fortunas meas,
 Qui gnatum haberem tali ingenio praeditum.
 Quid verbis opus est ? hac fama impulsus Chremes
 Ultro ad me venit, unicam gnatam suam
 Cum dote summa filio uxorem ut daret. 45
 Placuit : despondi : hic nuptiis dictus 't dies.
- SO. Quid igitur obstat, quor non fiant ?
- SI. Audies.
 Ferme in diebus paucis, quibus haec acta sunt,
 Chrysis vicina haec moritur.
- SO. O factum bene :
 Beasti : ei, metui a Chryside.

- SI. Thus he lived : 20
Good humoured, easy-going, tolerant,
Himself adapting to his company,
And suiting with their humour : thwarting none,
Nor pushing into the first place : 'tis thus
A man most easily escaping envy
Wins praise of men and friends of his own age. 25
- SO. His plan of life was wise ; for nowadays
Compliance gets you friends, and candour foes.
- SI. Meanwhile, some three years since, a certain woman
From Andros settled in this neighbourhood,
By stress of poverty, when her own kin
Neglected to assist her : young and beautiful. 30
- SO. Aha ! I fear this Andrian means mischief.
- SI. As is the way, her lovers, so it chanced,
Took my son thither in their company.
Thought I to myself at once, ' He's surely caught ; 35
Hard hit.' I watched their servants of a morning,
Asked questions, and I found that Pamphilus
Was not concerned. Right well I thought he stands
The test ; a pattern this of self-control.
- > This pleased me greatly, and with one accord 40
All men spoke all good things of him, and praised
My luck in being father to a son
So well-disposed. To come to the point at once,
Stirred by report, unbidden Chremes came
Off'ring his only daughter for my son
With a fine portion. I agreed ; betroth'd
My son : this *was* to be the wedding-day. 45
- SO. And what prevents its being ?
- SI. You shall hear.
Not many days had passed since this was done
When Chrysis, our new neighbour, died.
- SO. Well done !
You make me happy. Ah ! I was afraid
Of Chrysis.

- SI. Ibi tum filius 50
 Cum illis, qui amarant Chrysidem, una aderat frequens :
 Curabat una funus : tristis interim,
Non numquam conlacrumabat. quid multis moror ?
 Egomet quoque eius causa in funus prodeò,
 Nil suspicans etiam mali.
- SO. Hem, quid est ?
- SI. Scies. 55
 Effertur. imus. interea inter mulieres,
 Quae ibi aderant, forte unam aspicio adulescentulam,
 Forma . . .
- SO. Bona fortasse.
- SI. . . et vultu, Sosia,
 Adeo modesto, adeo venusto, ut nil supra.
 Quae quom mihi lamentari praeter ceteras 60
 Visa 'st, et quia erat forma praeter ceteras
 Honesta ac liberali, accedo ad pedisequas,
 Quae sit rogo. sororem esse aiunt Chrysidis.
 Percussit ilico animum. attat, hoc illud est,
 Hinc illae lacrumae, haec illa 'st misericordia. 65
- SO. Quam timeo, quorsum evadas !
- SI. Funus interim
 Procedit. sequimur : ad sepulcrum venimus :
 In ignem imposita 'st : fletur. interea haec soror,
 Quam dixi, ad flammam accessit imprudentius,
 Satis cum periclo. ibi tum exanimatus Pamphilus 70
 Bene dissimulatum amorem et celatum indicat :
 Adcùrrit : mediam mulierem complectitur :
 'Mea Glycerium' inquit 'quid agis? quor te is perditum?'
 Tum illa, ut consuetum facile amorem cerneret
 Reiecit se in eum flens quam familiariter. 75
- SO. Quid ais?

SI. Then my son with all her lovers 50
Went often to the house, and helped prepare
The funeral, sad the while, and now and then
Burst into tears. To cut a long tale short,
I too attend the funeral, for his sake,
Not dreaming yet of harm.

SO. What harm?

SI. You'll hear. 55
The bier goes forth : we go with it : meanwhile,
Among the women who were there, I chanced
To set my eyes on one young girl, in form . . .

SO. What, beautiful?

SI. . . . and feature, Sosia,
Showing a modesty and loveliness
Quite unsurpassable. She seemed to weep 60
More sadly than the rest, and, more than they,
She seemed a lady : so I asked the maids
Who she might be. Sister, they say, to Chrysis.
It struck me in a flash : aha ! that's what
It means : hence all this pity, hence these tears. 65

SO. Oh ! how I dread the sequel !

SI. All this while

The bier goes on : we follow : to the tomb
We come : she's put upon the pyre, mid sobs.
Meantime this sister that I told you of
Draws near the flames, unthinkingly, and runs
A risk of catching fire. Then Pamphilus, 70
Breathless with fright, bears witness to his love,
Well hidden and disguised : for up he runs
And clasps the girl about the waist, and cries,
"Take care, Glycerium darling ! Why d'you risk
Your life ?" Then she—a sure and easy sign
Their love had grown familiar—threw herself
Upon his bosom weeping—there at home ! 75 0

SO. Dear me !

- SI. Redeo inde iratus atque aegre ferens :
 Nec satis ad obiurgandum causae. diceret
 ' Quid feci? quid commerui aut peccavi, pater?
 Quae sese in ignem inicere voluit, prohibui
 Servavi.' honesta oratio 'st.
- SO. Recte putas 80
- SI. Venit Chremes postridie ad me clamitans :
 Indignum facinus : comperisse, Pamphilum
 Pro uxore habere hanc peregrinam. ego illud sedulo
 Negare factum. ille instat factum. denique
 Ita tum discedo ab illo, ut qui se filiam 85
 Neget daturum.
- SO. Non tu ibi gnatum?
- SI. Ne haec quidem
 Satis vemens causa ad obiurgandum.
- SO. Qui cedo?
- SI. Si propter amorem uxorem nolet ducere,
 Ea primum ab illo animadvortenda iniuria 'st.
 Et nunc id operam do, ut per falsas nuptias 90
 Vera obiurgandi causa sit, si deneget :
 Simul sceleratus Davos siquid consili
 Habet, ut consumat nunc, quom nil obsint doli :
 Quem ego credo manibus pedibusque obnixae omnia
 Facturum : magis id adeo, mihi ut incommodet, 95
 Quam ut obsequatur gnato.
- SO. Quapropter?
- SI. Rogas?
- Mala mens, malus animus. quem quidem ego si sensero.
 Sed quid opus 't verbis? sin eveniat, quod volo,
 In Pamphilo ut nil sit morae : restat Chremes,
 Qui mi exorandus est : et spero confore. 100
 Nunc tuom 'st officium, has bene ut adsimules nuptias :
 Perterrefacias Davom : observes filium,
 Quid agat, quid cum illo consili captet.

SI. I went home angry and annoyed ;
Yet had no ground for rating him. He'd say
"What have I done, sir ? What's my fault or crime ?
I stopped a girl that would have thrown herself
I' the fire, and saved her"—'Tis a fair defence.

SO. You're right.

80

SI. Next day came Chremes to me, crying
'Twas simply shameful : Pamphilus, he'd found,
Had for his wife this foreign woman. I
Denied 'twas so ; and he insisted ; till
At length I left him vowing he'd not give
His daughter.

85

SO. Then you took your son to task ?

SI. Not even this I thought strong ground enough
For me to rate him soundly.

SO. Why not, pray ?

SI. If his love leads him to refuse a wife
That's the first wrong that I can charge him with.
And now my plan is, by a make-believe
Of marrying him, to get real cause to rate,
If he refuse, and also give a chance
To Davus, rascal that he is, to waste,
Now while they're harmless, any tricks he has.
For I believe he'll leave no stone unturned,
But struggle might and main ; yet more indeed
To worry me than to oblige my son.

90

SO. Why's that ?

SI. Why's that ? Because he's bad in mind
And bad in heart ; but if I catch him . . . nay,
No more : if things should turn out as I hope,
And Pamphilus prove no hindrance, there remains
Chremes to be won over, and I hope
It may be done. Now your part is to make
A good mock-wedding : frighten Davus well,
And keep an eye upon my son, both what
He does, and whom he talks with.

100

SO.

Sat est :

Curabo.

SI.

Eamus nunciam intro.

SO.

I prae, sequor.

SCAENA II.

SIMO. DAVOS.

SI. Non dubium 'st, quin uxorem nolit filius :

105

Ita Davom modo timere sensi, ubi nuptias

Futuras esse audivit. sed ipse exit foras.

DA. Mirabar, hoc si sic abiret : et eri semper lenitas

Verebar quorsum evaderet :

Qui postquam audierat non datum iri filio uxorem suo,

110

Numquam quipquam nostrum verbum fecit neque id aegre tulit.

SI. At nunc faciet, neque, ut opinor, sine tuo magno malo.

DA. Id voluit, nos sic nec opinantis duci falso gaudio,

Sperantis iam amoto metu, interea oscitantis opprimi,

Ne mi esset spatium cogitandi ad disturbandas nuptias :

115

Astute.

SI. Carnufex quae loquitur ?

DA.

Erus est, neque provideram.

SI. Dave.

DA.

Hem, quid est ?

SI.

Eho dum ad me.

DA.

Quid hic volt ?

SI.

Quid ais ?

DA.

Qua de re ?

SI.

Rogas ?

Meum gnatum rumor est amare.

DA.

Id populus curat scilicet.

SI. Hocine agis an non ?

SO.

Say no more :

I'll do my best.

SI.

Let's in.

SO.

I'll follow you.

[Exit Sosia into Simo's house.]

SCENE II.

SI. My son's averse to marrying, there's no doubt ;

105

So apprehensive Davus seemed just now

On hearing of the wedding. Here he comes.

*(withdraws to back of stage.)**Enter DAVUS.*DA. I wondered if it all could last ; I feared what end would
come

To master's evermildness.

For when he learnt his son was now refused the promised wife 110
Never a word he spoke to us ; he did not seem to be annoyed.SI. *(to himself)* Now he will though, and I think you will not
like the consequence.DA. He thought to throw us off our guard by a delusive joy
And catch us napping, while we hoped and threw our fears away,
And leave no time for me to think how to upset the wedding. 115
How cunning !SI. *(to himself)* What's the rascal say ?DA. *(suddenly catching sight of Simo)* The master ! I was blind !

SI. Here, Davus !

DA. *(affecting not to see him)* Eh !SI. *(severely)* Come here !DA. *(to himself)* What's up ?SI. *(overhearing)* Well ?

DA. What ?

SI. Ah ! what indeed ?

"Tis said my son's in love.

DA. *(with a shrug of the shoulders)* Of course, that's all the
world's affair.SI. *(angrily)* Will you attend ?

DA. Ego vero istuc.
SI. Sed nunc ea me exquirere,
Iniqui patris est: nam quod antehac fecit, nil ad me attinet. 120
Dehinc postulo sive aequom 'st te oro, Dave, ut redeat iam in
viam.

DA. Non hercle intellego.

SI. Non? hem.

DA. Non: Davos sum, non Oedipus.

SI. Nempe ergo aperte vis quae restant me loqui?

DA. Sane quidem.

SI. Si sensero hodie quicquam in his te nuptiis
Fallaciae conari, quo fiant minus, 125
Aut velle in ea re ostendi, quam sis callidus:

Verberibus caesum te in pistrinum, Dave, dedam usque ad
necem,

Ea lege atque omine, ut, si te inde exemerim, ego pro te molam.

Quid, hoc intellextin'? an non dum etiam ne hoc quidem?

DA. Immo callide:

Ita aperte ipsam rem modo locutu's, nil circum itione usus
es. 130

SI. Ubivis facilius passus sim quam in hac re me deludier.

DA. Bona verba, quaeso.

SI. Inrides? nil me fallis. Edico tibi,
Ne temere facias: neque tu hau dices tibi non praedictum. cave.

DA. Enim vero, Dave, nil, loci 'st segnitiae neque socordiae,
Quantum intellexi modo senis sententiam de nuptiis: 135

Quae si non astu providentur, me aut erum pessum dabunt.

Ad haec mala hoc mi accedit etiam: haec Andria,

Si ista uxor sive amica 'st, gravida e Pamphilo 'st.

Audireque eorum 'st operae pretium audaciam:

Nam inceptio 'st amentium, haud amantium: 140

Quidquid peperisset, decreverunt tollere:

Et fingunt quandam inter se nunc fallaciam,

Civem Atticam esse hanc. 'fuit olim hinc quidam senex

Mercator: navem is fregit apud Andrum insulam:

Is obiit mortem. ibi tum hanc eiectam Chrysidis 145

- DA. (*startled*) Yes, to be sure.
- SI. To rake this matter up
Is no good father's business: no concern of mine his past. 120
Henceforth I claim, or, if you will, I beg, that he'll reform.
- DA. I don't know what you mean.
- SI. You don't?
- DA. No, I'm not Oedipus.
- SI. Then perhaps you'd like me to be plain about the rest.
- DA. I should.
- SI. If I shall catch you trying any trick
To-day to thwart this wedding, or to show 125
In this affair how clever you can be
I'll have you, Davus, thrashed till nearly dead—sent to the mill,
And on these terms—that if I take you out, I grind instead.
Now d'ye know what I mean? or don't you yet?
- DA. Yes, perfectly:
You've said it all so straight and plain, nor beat about the
bush. 130
- SI. Trick me in anything you will, so long as not in this.
- DA. Trick you! I couldn't think of it!
- SI. You're laughing: I can see.
Take care, I tell you, do not say you were not warned: beware!
[*Exit Simo to the Forum.*]
- DA. Faith, Davus, you must look alive: no time for you to sleep:
From what I see the old man means this wedding seriously. 135
If I don't look out sharp, it's up with master or with me.
And to make matters worse, the Andrian,
Be she his wife or mistress, is with child
By Pamphilus; and it's a treat to hear
Their boldness; why to take this matter up
Is rather work for lunatics than lovers. 140
And they've concocted a fine tale, that she's
True born Athenian. "Once upon a time
There lived a merchant old, and he was wrecked
On Andros Island. There he died; and then
Did Chrysis' father take this castaway, 145

Patrem recepissee orbam, parvam.' fabulae.

Sed Mysis ab ea egreditur. at ego hinc me ad forum,
Uti conveniam Pamphilum, ne pater imprudentem opprimat.

SCAENA III.

MYSIS. PAMPHILUS.

Audivi, Archilis, iam dudum : Lesbiam adduci iubes.

Sed quid nam Pamphilum exanimatum video? vereor quid
siet. 150

Opperiar, ut sciam numquid nam haec turba tristitiae adferat.

PA. Hocine 'st humanum factum aut inceptum? hocine 'st officium
patris?

MY. Quid illud est?

PA. Pro deum fidem, quid est, si haec non contumelia 'st?

Uxorem decrerat dare sese mi hodie : nonne oportuit

Praescisse me ante? nonne prius communicatum oportuit? 155

MY. Miseram me, quod verbum audio?

PA. Quid? Chremes, qui denegarat se commissurum mihi

Gnatam suam uxorem, id mutavit, quia me immutatum videt?

Itane obstinate operam dat, ut me a Glycerio miserum abstrahat?

Quod si fit, pereor funditus. 160

Adeon' hominem esse invenustum aut infelicem quemquam, ut
ego sum!

Pro deum atque hominum fidem!

Nullon' ego Chremetis pacto adfinitatem effugere potero?

Quot modis contemptus, spretus! facta, transacta omnia. hem,

Repudiatus repeto: quam obrem? nisi si id est, quod sus-
picor: 165

Aliquid monstri alunt : ea quoniam nemini obtrudi potest,

Itur ad me.

This little orphan, to his home." Absurd !

(The door of Glycerium's house opens.)

Here from her house comes Mysis. I'll be off
To market to meet Pamphilus, lest th'old man catch him napping.

SCENE III.

Enter MYSIS.

MY. *(speaking into the house).*

Yes, yes, Archilis, I hear you ; you want Lesbia brought to her.

(She turns to go, but starts suddenly, seeing Pamphilus approaching.)

What Pamphilus, and out of breath ? I fear this means some
harm. 150

I'll wait, and find out what bad news this hurrying may bring.

Enter PAMPHILUS, *running, and in great agitation.*

PA. 'Tis most inhuman—most unfatherly !

MY. *(to herself)* What can it be ?

PA. Good God ! a wanton insult

If e'er there was one ! He resolved to make

Me take a wife this very day—I ought

To have known beforehand, had some hint of it. 155

MY. *(to herself)* Alas ! what is the matter ?

PA. Chremes—he that vowed he would not give his daughter
as my wife,

Has he changed his purpose, seeing how unchanging is my love ?

Oh ! why should he be set so stubbornly

To tear me from Glycerium ? If he

Succeed, what's life to me ? 160

Was there ever man so luckless, so much crossed in love as I ?

Oh ! great God in heaven, hear me !

Is there *no* way to escape from Chremes' clutches ? Oh ! how oft
Scorned, insulted ! All was settled : now refused, now sought
again. 165

Why ? God knows !—but a suspicion horribly has haunted me

They have bred some misshaped monster : none will have her,
so they try

Foisting her on *me* !

MY. Oratio haec me miseram exanimavit metu.

PA. Nam quid ego dicam de patre? a

Tantamne rem tam neglegenter agere! praeteriens modo
Mi apud forum 'uxor tibi ducenda 'st, Pamphile, hodie' inquit,
'para :

170

Abi domum.' id mihi visus 't dicere 'abi cito ac suspende te.'

Obstupi: censen' me verbum potuisse ullum proloqui?

Ullam causam, ineptam saltem falsam iniquam? obmutui.

Quod si ego rescivissem id prius, quid facerem, siquis me roget:

Aliquid facerem, ut hoc ne facerem. sed nunc quid primum
exsequar?

175

Tot me impediunt curae, quae meum animum divorsae trahunt:

Amor, misericordia huius, nuptiarum sollicitatio,

Tum patris pudor, qui me tam leni passus est animo usque adhuc

Quae meo quomque animo lubitum 'st facere. eine ego ut ad-
vorser? ei mihi,

o Incertum 'st quid agam.

MY. Misera timeo 'incertum 'st' hoc quorsum accidat. 180

Sed nunc peropus est, aut hunc cum ipsa aut de illa me advorsum
hunc loqui.

Dum in dubio 'st animus, paulo momento huc vel illuc impellitur.

PA. Quis hic loquitur? Mysis, salve.

MY. O salve, Pamphile.

PA. Quid agit?

MY. Rogas?

Laborat e dolore, atque ex hoc misera sollicita 'st, diem

Quia olim in hunc sunt constitutae nuptiae. tum autem hoc
timet,

185

Ne deseras se,

PA. Hem, egone istuc conari queam?

Egon' propter me illam decipi miseram sinam,

Quae mihi suum animum atque omnem vitem credidit?

Non faciam.

MY. (*to herself*) With terror I'm half-dead—what can it mean?
PA. My father too—words fail me.

To think that he should in this casual way
Settle so serious a thing offhand!

"Pamphilus,"—just as he passed me in the market-place he
cried, 170

"You must wed to-day; go home, and get you ready." . . . Why,
it seemed

"Off and hang yourself" his words were. I was thunder-struck!
D'ye think

I'd a word to say in answer, weak excuse or ready lie?

If I had but known beforehand, what should I have done, you say?

Something I'd have done, I warrant,—anything to save me this.

Now I'm at my wits' end what to do first: troubles numberless 175
Hem me in and quite distract me with conflicting impulses:

My love, compassion, and anxiety

About this match: then the respect I owe

To my kind father, who has always borne

With me so gently, and indulged me. Ah!

How can I thwart him?—Oh! I can't decide.

MY. He 'can't decide!' Oh! dear, I am afraid

Where "can't decide" may lead. One thing must be— 180

Either he talk with her, or I with him

About her. While he hesitates, the scale

By slightest impulse turns this way or that.

PA. Who's speaking there? What, Mysis? (*runs up to her*)

MY. Pamphilus!

PA. (*anxiously*) How is she?

MY. Ah! don't ask: she's racked with grief

And tortured with this thought: this was the day

Appointed for your wedding. Then she fears 185

Lest you forsake her.

PA. Could I think of it?

Could I allow her for my sake to be

Betrayed, poor girl, when she has trusted me

With all her heart, her life: I'll never do it.

MY. Haud vereor, si in te solo sit situm :

Sed vim ut queas ferre.

PA. Adeon' me ignavom putas, 190

Adeon' porro ingratum aut inhumanum aut ferum,
Ut neque me consuetudo neque amor neque pudor
Commoveat neque commoneat, ut servem fidem ?

MY. Unum hoc scio, meritam esse, ut memor esses sui.

PA. Memor essem ? O Mysis Mysis, etiam nunc mihi 195

Scripta illa dicta sunt in animo Chrysidis
De Glycerio. iam ferme moriens me vocat :

Accessi : vos semotae. nos soli : incipit

' Mi Pamphile, huius formam atque aetatem vides :

Nec clam te est, quam illi utraeque nunc inutiles 200

Et ad pudicitiam et ad rem tutandam sient.

Quod ego per hanc te dextram oro et genium tuom,

Per tuam fidem perque huius solitudinem

Te obtestor, ne abs te hanc segreges neu deseras.

Si te in germani fratris dilexi loco 205

Sive haec te solum semper fecit maxumi

Seu tibi morigera fuit in rebus omnibus,

Te isti virum do, amicum tutorem patrem :

Bona nostra haec tibi permitto et tuae mando fide.'

Hanc mi in manum dat : mors continuo ipsam occupat. 210

Accepi : acceptam servabo.

MY. Ita spero quidem.

PA. Verbum unum cave de nuptiis, ne ad morbum hoc etiam.

MY. Teneo.

MY. I'd not be anxious, if the issue lay

With you alone—but lest you yield to force.

PA. How! do you take me for an arrant coward?

190

One so ungrateful, so unlike a man,

So near to brute that neither sympathy

Nor love nor honour can rouse up my heart

Or mind me of my troth?

MY. One thing I know,

She well deserves you should remember her.

PA. Remember her? Oh! Mysis, Mysis, here

195

Graven on my heart ev'n now the words abide

Which Chrysis uttered of Glycerium.

She called me to her deathbed, and I came :

The room was cleared ; we only left : she said,

“ Dear Pamphilus, you see how fair, how young

Is this poor girl, and are not unaware

200

What frail defenders youth and beauty are

To virtue and to fortune. Oh! I pray,

By this right hand I hold in mine, and by

Your own true self, by your once plighted troth,

And by her unprotected loneliness,

I do implore you, do not cast her off,

Do not forsake her. With a sister's love

205

If I have loved you like a brother, if

She ever valued you and none but you,

If she has yielded to your will in all,

I give you to her as her husband, friend,

Protector, father : I bequeath to you

My goods, and her to your fair honour trust.”

Thus she commits her to my care : forthwith

Death came. I promised : I will keep my word.

210

MY. Indeed I hope so.

PA. Mind now, not a breath

About the wedding, lest you make her worse.

MY.

All right.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS II.

SCAENA I.

CHARINUS. BYRRIA. PAMPHILUS.

CHA. Quid ais, Byrria? daturne illa Pamphilo hodie nuptum?

BY. Sic est.

CHA. Qui scis?

BY. Apud forum modo e Davo audiui.

CHA. Vae misero mihi.

BY. Quaeso edepol, Charine, quoniam non potest id fieri quod
vis, 215

Id velis quod possit.

CHA. Nil volo aliud nisi Philumenam.

BY. A,

Quanto satius 't te id dare operam, qui istum amorem ex animo
amoveas,

Quam id loqui, quo magis lubido frustra incendatur tua.

CHA. Facile omnes, quom valemus, recta consilia aegrotis damus.

Tu si hic sis, aliter sentias.

BY. Age age, ut lubet.

CHA. Sed Pamphilum 220

Video. omnia experiri certum 'st prius quam pereo.

BY. Quid hic agit?

CHA. Ipsum hunc orabo, huic supplicabo, amorem huic narrabo
meum:

Credo impetrabo, ut aliquot saltem nuptiis prodat dies:

Interea fiet aliquid, spero.

BY. Id 'aliquid' nil est.

CHA. Byrria,

Quid tibi videtur? adeon' ad eum?

BY. Quid ni? si nil impetres... 225

PA. Charinum video. salve.

CHA. O salve, Pamphile:

Ad te advenio spem salutem consilium auxilium expetens

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter CHARINUS, talking with his servant BYRRIA.

CHA. Byrria, tell me, will she marry
Pamphilus to-day?

BY. Yes, that's it.

CHA. How d'you know it?

BY. Davus told me in the market.

CHA. Misery!

BY. Now, Charinus, since you cannot
Have just what you wish, I beg you,

215

Wish for what you can have.

CHA. I wish nothing, save Philumena.

BY. Ah! 'twere better if you'd only

Try to cure yourself of loving

And not talk yourself more lovesick when the talking does no good.

CHA. It's easy when we're well to give advice to those that ail.

If you were in my place, you'd sing a different tune.

BY. Well, well.

CHA. (*looking up the street*) There's Pamphilus! I'll leave no
stone unturned to save myself.

220

BY. (*aside*) What *is* he after?

CHA. I will beg, and pray; tell him my love:

I think at least I'll win postponement of the wedding-day,

And hope that something will turn up.

BY. That "something" never does.

CHA. Advise me, Byrria, shall I go?

BY. Why not? Ev'n if you fail . . . 225

Enter PAMPHILUS.

PA. Charinus: welcome!

CHA. Welcome, Pamphilus!

Here a suppliant beg I from you hope of life, advice, and help.

PA. Neque pol consili locum habeo neque ad auxilium copiam.

Sed istuc quid nam 'st?

CHA. Hodie uxorem ducis?

PA. Aiunt.

CHA. Pamphile,

Si id facis, hodie postremum me vides.

PA. Quid ita?

CHA. Ei mihi, 230

Vereor dicere: huic dic quaeso, Byrria.

BY. Ego dicam.

PA. Quid est?

BY. Sponsam hic tuam amat.

PA. Ne iste haud mecum sentit. eho dum dic mihi:

Quid in hac re vis?

CHA. Nunc te per amicitiam et per amorem obsecro,
Principio ut ne ducas.

PA. Dabo equidem operam.

CHA. Sed si id non potest

Aut tibi nuptiae haec sunt cordi ...

PA. Cordi?

CHA. ... saltem aliquot dies 235

Profer, dum proficiscor aliquo, ne videam.

PA. Audi nunciam.

Ego, Charine, ne utiquam officium liberi esse hominis puto,

Quom is nil mereat, postulare id gratiae adponi sibi.

Nuptias effugere ego istas malo quam tu apiscier.

CHA. Reddidisti animum.

PA. Nunc siquid potes aut tu aut hic Byrria, 240

Facite fingite invenite efficite qui detur tibi:

Ego id agam, mihi qui ne detur.

CHA. Sat habeo.

PA. Davom optume

Video, quouis consilio fretus sum.

CHA. At tu hercle haud quicquam mihi,

Nisi ea quae nil opus sunt sciri. fugin' hinc?

BY. Ego vero ac lubens.

PA. Neither calmness to advise, nor strength to help remains in me.
What's amiss?

CHA. To-day you marry.

PA. Rumour says so.

CHA. Pamphilus,
If you marry, you will never see me more.

PA. And why?

CHA. Alas! 230

Shrinks my tongue from telling: Byrria, tell him.

BY. I will tell him.

PA. Well?

BY. Your betrothed he's fallen in love with.

PA. Ah! my taste is not the same.

Tell me what you wish.

CHA. I beg you by our friendship and my love

Not to marry her.

PA. (*muttering to himself*) I'll do my utmost.

CHA. If that cannot be,

If the match is to your liking . . .

PA. (*interrupting, with horror*) Liking?

CHA. . . this at least I beg, 235

Put it off some days, and let me go and not be forced to see.

PA. Listen now to me, Charinus. No true gentleman, I think,

Makes a favour of what costs him nothing, or seeks gratitude:

You can't want to win the lady more than I to 'scape from her!

CHA. Now I breathe again more freely!

PA. You, with Byrria, if you can, 240

Scheme, devise, invent, and manage that the girl become your
wife:

I'll take care she is not mine.

CHA. I'm satisfied.

PA. (*catches sight of Davus coming along the street*) Most opportune!
Here is Davus: I depend on his advice.

CHA. (*to Byrria, angrily*) You give me none,

Save what there's no use in hearing: get you gone!

BY. With all my heart.

[*Exit.*]

(*Pamphilus and Charinus withdraw to back of stage.*)

SCAENA II.

DAVOS. CHARINUS. PAMPHILUS.

DA. Di boni, boni quid porto? sed ubi inveniam Pamphilum, 245
Ut metum in quo nunc est adimam atque expleam animum gaudio?

CHA. Laetus est nescio quid.

PA. Nil est : non dum haec rescivit mala.

DA. Quem ego nunc credo, si iam audierit sibi paratas nuptias ...

CHA. Audin' tu illum?

DA. ... toto me oppido exanimatum quaerere.

Sed ubi quaeram aut quo nunc primum intendam?

CHA. Cessas adloqui? 250

DA. Habeo.

PA. Dave, ades, resiste.

DA. Quis homo 'st, qui me ...? O Pamphile,

Te ipsum quaero. eugae Charine: ambo opportune: vos volo.

PA. Dave, perii.

DA. Quin tu hoc audi.

PA. Interii.

DA. Quid timeas scio.

CHA. Mea quidem hercle certe in dubio vita 'st.

DA. Et quid tu, scio.

PA. Nuptiae mi ...

DA. Etsi scio?

PA. hodie ...

DA. Obtundis, tam etsi intellego? 255

Id paves, ne ducas tu illam: tu autem, ut ducas.

CHA. Rem tenes.

PA. Istuc ipsum.

DA. Atqui istuc ipsum nil pericli 'st: me vide.

PA. Obsecro te, quam primum hoc me libera miserum metu.

DA. Hem,

Libero; uxorem tibi non dat iam Chremes.

PA. Qui scis?

SCENE II.

Enter DAVUS, excitedly.

DA. Lord! the best of news I'm bringing! Where shall I find
Pamphilus, 245

Take away the fears that haunt him, make his heart brimful of joy?

CHA. (*aside*) Glad he seems at something.

PA. (*aside*) Oh! it's nothing: he's not learnt our plight.

DA. If he knew that preparations for his wedding had been made...

CHA. (*aside*) Hear you that?

DA. ... he would be hunting for me
breathless through the town.

Where am I to seek him, where to go first?

CHA. (*aside*) Speak to him at once. 250

DA. I've a plan! (*begins to go off.*)

PA. (*calling after him*) Hi! stop there, Davus.

DA. Who's that calling?—Pamphilus!

You're the man I want. Charinus! bravo: both well met: come
here.

PA. Davus, I am lost.

DA. No, listen.

PA. Done for!

DA. I know what you fear.

CHA. Life for me hangs in the balance.

DA. What you fear I know as well.

PA. For to-day...

DA. I know.

PA. ... my marriage...

DA. Oh! you'll make me deaf: I know! 255

You're afraid that you will marry, *you* that you will not.

CHA. That's it.

PA. Yes, exactly.

DA. That "exactly" is no danger: trust to me.

PA. Oh! I beg you to release me from my fears without delay.

DA. I release you: Chremes will not give his daughter.

PA. How d'you know?

DA.

Scio.

Tuos pater me modoprehendit : ait tibi uxorem dare 260

Hodie, item alia multa, quae nunc non est narrandi locus.

Continuo ad te properans percurro ad forum, ut dicam tibi haec.

Ubi te non invenio, ibi ascendo in quendam excelsum locum.

Circumspicio : nusquam. forte ibi huius video Byrriam ;

Rogo : negat vidisse. mihi molestum. quid agam cogito. 265

Redeunti interea ex ipsa re mi incidit suspitio 'hem,

Paululum obsoni : ipse tristis : de improviso nuptiae :

Non cohaerent.'

PA. Quorsum nam istuc ?

DA. Ego me continuo ad Chremem.

Quom illo advenio, solitudo ante ostium : iam id gaudeo.

CHA. Recte dicis.

PA. Perge.

DA. Maneo : interea intro ire neminem 270

Video, exire neminem : matronam nullam in aedibus,

Nil ornati, nil tumulti : accessi : intro aspexi.

PA. Scio :

Magnum signum.

DA. Num videntur convenire haec nuptiis ?

PA. Non opinor, Dave.

DA. 'Opinor' narras ? non recte accipis.

Certa res est. etiam puerum inde abiens conveni Chremi : 275

Holera et pisciculos minutos ferre obolo in cenam seni.

CHA. Liberatus sum hodie, Dave, tua opera.

DA. Ac nullus quidem.

CHA. Quid ita ? nempe huic prorsus illam non dat.

DA. Ridiculum caput,

Quasi necesse sit, si huic non dat, te illam uxorem ducere :

Nisi vides, nisi senis amicos oras, ambis.

CHA. Bene mones : 280

Ibo, etsi hercle saepe iam me spes haec frustrata 'st. vale.

DA. Know I do ! Just now your father took me, told me that
to-day 260

He'd a wife for you : much also there's no time now to relate.
Straight I hurried to the market, with this news to tell to you ;
Could not find you there, so climbed up on a hill and looked
around :

Not a sign of you : it happened I set eyes on Byrria,
Asked him ; no, he had not seen you : vexed, I pondered what
to do. 265

Thence returning, facts suggested a suspicion to my mind :
Not much cooking : master gloomy : unexpected wedding : ha !
Things don't fit.

PA. (*puzzled*) What *are* you saying ?

DA. Straight to Chremes' house I went.
When I got there, not a soul before the door ! This cheered me up.

CHA. Rightly too.

PA. Go on.

DA. I waited : saw none going in or out ; 270
Saw within no band of matrons ; not a sign of bustle there ;
Not a trace of decoration. I went near, peeped in.

PA. That's true :
That's a certain sign.

DA. This surely does not look like marrying.

PA. (*doubtfully*) No, I think not, Davus.

DA. *Think* not, say you ? You don't understand.
It's a certainty. Departing I fell in with Chremes' page, 275
Sprats and cabbage (just three ha'porth), Chremes' dinner, in his
hands.

CHA. Freed by you to-day from ruin, Davus !

DA. Not a bit of it !

CHA. Why not ? don't you say he will not give her to him ?

DA. Silly fool !
Does it follow *you* will have her, if she is not given to *him*.

You must keep awake and canvass all his friends.

CHA. Ah ! yes, you're right : 280
This I'll do, although too often all my hopes have failed.

(*To Pamphilus*) Good-bye.
[*Exit Charinus.*]

PA. Quid igitur sibi volt pater? Quor simulat?

DA. Ego dicam tibi.

Si id suscenseat nunc, quia non det tibi uxorem Chremes,
Prius quam tuom ut sese habeat animum ad nuptias perspexerit:

Ipsus sibi esse iniurius videatur, neque id iniuria. 285

Sed si tu negaris ducere, ibi culpam in te transferet:

Tum illae turbae fient.

PA. Quidvis patiar.

DA. Pater est, Pamphile.

Difficile 'st. tum haec sola 'st mulier. dictum factum invenerit

Aliquam causam, quam obrem eīciat oppido.

PA. Eīciat?

DA. Cito.

PA. Cedo igitur quid faciam, Dave?

DA. Dic te ducturum.

PA. Hem.

DA. Quid est? 290

PA. Egon' dicam?

DA. Quor non?

PA. Numquam faciam.

DA. Ne nega.

PA. Suadere noli.

DA. Ex ea re quid fiat, vide.

PA. Ut ab illa excludar, huc concludar.

DA. Non ita 'st.

Nempe hoc sic esse opinor: dicturum patrem

'Ducas volo hodie uxorem:' tu 'ducam' inquires: 295

Cedo quid iurgabit tecum? hic reddes omnia,

Quae nunc sunt certa ei consilia, incerta ut sient,

Sine omni periculo: nam hoc hau dubium 'st, quin Chremes

Tibi non det gnatam: certum 'st. Interea aliquid acciderit boni.

PA. What then is my father's object? Why pretend?

DA. That's soon explained.

If he flies into a passion ere he test your attitude

Toward the match, because old Chremes says he will not give
the girl,

He will think (and that not wrongly) he is doing you a wrong. 285

But if you refuse to marry, then he'll turn the blame on you.

Then there'll be a row!

PA. I'll suffer anything.

DA. Ah! Pamphilus,

'Tis your father—there's the trouble: unprotected is the girl.

Soon as said, he'll find some pretext, and eject her in a trice.

PA. (*in consternation*) What, eject her!

DA. Yes, in no time.

PA. Davus, what am I to do?

DA. Say you'll marry t'other lady.

PA. Ugh!

DA. What is the matter now? 290

PA. What, say I'll marry?

DA. Why not?

PA. Never!

DA. Nay,

Do not say no.

PA. Don't urge me.

DA. Why, just see

The consequence.

PA. That I'm shut off from *her*,

Shut in with t'other.

DA. Not at all. I think

That this is what will happen: first your father

Will say, 'To-day you marry—'tis my wish.'

'I will,' you'll answer: tell me, can he blame?

In this way you'll upset his settled plans,

Yet run no risk; for there's no sort of doubt

That Chremes will not give the girl—that's sure.

Meantime some good luck may turn up.

PA. Itan' credis?

DA. Hau dubium id quidem 'st.

PA. Vide quo me inducas.

DA. Quin taces? 300

PA. Dicam. puerum autem ne resciscat mihi esse ex illa cautio 'st :
Nam pollicitus sum suscepturum.

DA. O facinus audax.

PA. Hanc fidem

Sibi me obsecravit, qui se sciret non deserturum, ut darem.

DA. Curabitur. sed pater adest. cave te esse tristem sentiat.

SCAENA III.

SIMO. DAVOS. PAMPHILUS. BYRRIA.

SI. Reviso quid agant aut quid captent consili. 305

DA. Hic nunc non dubitat, quin te ducturum neges.

Venit meditatus alicunde ex solo loco :

Orationem sperat invenisse se,

Qui differat te : proin tu fac apud te ut sies.

PA. Modo ut possim, Dave.

DA. Crede inquam hoc mihi, Pamphile, 310

Numquam hodie tecum commutaturum patrem

Unum esse verbum, si te dices ducere.

BY. Erus me relictis rebus iussit Pamphilum

Hodie observare, quid ageret de nuptiis.

Ipsam adeo praesto video cum Davo : hoc agam. 315

- PA. D'you think so really?
DA. Yes,
There's not a doubt of it.
PA. See what a fix you'll put me in !
DA Don't talk so. 300
PA. (*with an effort*) Well, I'll say it.
But take care he doesn't learn
That she has borne a son to me : for I have given my word
That I'll acknowledge it.
DA. O rash and reckless act !
PA. She begged
This pledge of me in proof I would be true.
DA. But there he comes,
Your father. Now, take care, he must not see you looking glum.
(*Pamphilus and Davus retire to a corner of the stage.*)

SCENE III.

Enter SIMO ; he crosses the stage, looking about.

- SI. I'll just see what they're up to or intend. [*Exit.* 305
DA. (*whispering to Pamphilus*)
He has no shade of doubt that you'll refuse.
He's practised up his part in solitude
And counts that he has pondered out a speech
To put you in a fix : now keep your head !
PA. (*doubtfully*) I'll try to, Davus.
DA. Trust me, Pamphilus, 310
Your father will not have a word to say
If you will only answer 'I will marry.'

Enter BYRRIA at back of stage.

- BY. My master told me to neglect my work
And keep an eye on Pamphilus to-day
And what he does about the wedding. Ah !
He's there with Davus. Now to play the spy ! 315
(*conceals himself at back of stage.*)

SI. Utrumque adessee video.

DA. Em, serva.

SI. Pamphile.

DA. Quasi de improvise respice ad eum.

PA. Ehem pater.

DA. Probe.

SI. Hodie uxorem ducas, ut dixi, volo.

BY. Nunc nostrae timeo parti, quid hic respondeat.

PA. Neque istic neque alibi tibi erit usquam in me mora.

BY. Hem. 320

DA. Obmutuit.

BY. Quid dixit?

SI. Facis ut te decet,

Quom istuc quod postulo impetro cum gratia.

BY. Sum verus? erus, quantum audio, uxore excidit.

SI. I nunciam intro, ne in mora, quom opus sit, sies.

PA. Eo.

BY. Nullane in re esse homini quoui-quam fidem ! 325

Verum illud verbum 'st, volgo quod dici solet,

Omnis sibi malle melius esse quam alteri.

Renuntiabo, ut pro hoc malo mihi det malum.

DA. Hic nunc me credit aliquam sibi fallaciam

Portare et ea me hic restitisse gratia. 330

SI. Quid Davos narrat?

DA. Aeque quicquam nunc quidem.

SI. Nilne? hem.

DA. Nil prorsus.

SI. Atqui expectabam quidem.

DA. Praeter spem evenit : sentio. hoc male habet virum.

SIMO *re-enters*.

SI. Oh! there they are.

DA. (*whispering*) Look out!

SI. Here, Pamphilus.

DA. (*aside*) Look round, surprised.

PA. What, father, you?

DA. (*aside*) Well done!

SI. To-day I wish you married, as I said.

BY. (*aside*) I fear now, for our sakes, what he'll reply.

PA. In that, as in all else, I will obey.

BY. (*starting*) Ha! 320DA. (*aside*) Dumb as any post!BY. (*aside*) What has he said?SI. (*Puzzled, and speaking with an effort*)

You act like a good son, since you accede

To my request with a good grace.

BY. (*aside*) Did I

Hear rightly? My poor master, if I did,

Has lost his love.

SI. Now go indoors, that you

May be at hand when wanted.

PA. Certainly. [*Exit into Simo's house.*]BY. (*aside*) Is there no faith at all in any man? 325

True, all too true indeed the proverb is

Which says that charity begins at home.

I'll take this bad news, and get bad return. [*Exit.*]DA. (*aside*) He thinks I have some trick to play, and so

Have stopped here.

SI. (*partly overhearing*) What says Davus?

DA. Anything, 330

Or rather, nothing.

SI. Nothing? Oh! indeed!

DA. No, nothing.

SI. H'm, I looked for something though.

DA. I see you did so, and you are surprised.

(*aside*) He's in a fix.

SI. Potin' es mihi verum dicere?

DA. Nil facilius.

SI. Num illi molestae quidpiam haec sunt nuptiae 335
Huiusce propter consuetudinem hospitae?

DA. Nil hercle : aut, si adeo, bidui 'st aut tridui

Haec sollicitudo : nosti? ^{deinde} desinet. ^u

Etenim ipse secum eam rem reputavit via.

SI. Laudo.

DA. Uxore opus est : animum ad uxorem adpulit. 340

SI. Subtristis visus est esse aliquantum mihi.

DA. Nil propter hanc rem, sed est quod suscenset tibi.

SI. Quid nam 'st?

DA. Puerile 'st.

SI. Quid id est?

DA. Nil.

SI. Quin hic, quid est?

DA. Ait nimium parce facere sumptum.

SI. Mene?

DA. Te.

'Vix' inquit 'drachumis est obsonatus decem : 345

Num filio videtur uxorem dare?

Quem' inquit 'vocabo ad cenam meorum aequalium

Potissimum nunc?' et, quod dicendum hic siet,

Tu quoque per parce nimium. non laudo.

SI. Tace :

DA. Commovi.

SI. Ego istaec recte ut fiant videro. 350

Quid nam hoc est rei? quid hic volt veterator sibi?

Nam si hic mali 'st quicquam, hem illic est huic rei caput.

SI. Now, can you speak the truth ?

DA. Why, nothing easier.

SI. Does he feel this match 335

At all distasteful from his interest

In this young foreigner ?

DA. Not the very least ;

Or, if he does, it's but a matter of

Two or three days' regret : you understand ?

Then he'll forget her quite.

SI. It does him credit.

DA. Marry's the word : to marry he's inclined. 340

SI. He seemed a little bit upset, I thought.

DA. 'Twas not for this ; but he's a fault to find
With you.

SI. What is it ?

DA. It's a trifling thing.

SI. What is it ?

DA. Nothing.

SI. Tell me what it is.

DA. You spend too stingily, he says.

SI. What, I ?

DA. Yes, you ! "Why scarce ten shillings has he spent," 345

Says he, "upon the dinner. Does it fit

With marrying his son ? Which of my friends

Shall I pick out," says he, "for invitation ?"

Indeed, I can't help saying it, you are

Too stingy far. It does you little credit.

SI. You hold your tongue !

DA. (*aside*) I've touched him up a bit.

SI. I'll see that all's arranged. [*Exit Davus.*

What does this mean ? 350

What is the practised rascal aiming at ?

For if there's mischief, he's at bottom of 't.

[*Exit Simo into his house.*

ACTUS III.

SCAENA I.

SIMO. CHREMES.

SI. Iubeo Chremetem ...

CHR. O te ipsum quaerebam.

SI. Et ego te

CHR. Optato advenis.

Aliquot me adierunt, ex te auditum qui aibant, hodie filiam

Meam nubere tuo gnato : id viso tun' an illi insaniant. 355

SI. Ausculta paucis : et quid te ego velim et tu quod quaeris scies.

CHR. Ausculto : loquere quid velis.

SI. Per te deos oro et nostram amicitiam, Chremes,

Quae incepta a parvis cum aetate adcrevit simul,

Perque unicam gnatam tuam et gnatum meum, 360

Quoius tibi potestas summa servandi datur,

Ut me adiuves in hac re, atque ita uti nuptiae

Fuerant futurae, fiant.

CHR. A, ne me obseca :

Quasi hoc te orando a me impetrare oporteat.

Alium esse censes nunc me atque olim quom dabam? 365

Si in rem 'st utrique ut fiant, arcessi iube.

Sed si ex ea re plus mali 'st quam commodi

Utrique, id oro te in commune ut consulas,

Quasi illa tua sit Pamphilique ego sim pater.

SI. Immo ita volo itaque postulo ut fiat, Chreme : 370

Neque postulem abs te, ni ipsa res moneat.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

As the curtain rises SIMO comes out of his house.

Enter CHREMES, hurried and angry.

SI. Well, Chremes, how are . . .

CHR. (*interrupting*) Oh ! it's you I'm looking for.

SI. And I

For you.

CHR. 'Tis well you've come : some friends tell me they
hear from you

My daughter is to wed your son to-day. I come to find
Whether 'tis you or they have lost their senses.

SI. Hear me, please. 355

I'll tell you what you want to know, and what I want to do.

CHR. I'm listening : say what you wish.

SI. For heaven, Chremes, and our friendship's sake,
Begun in childhood and grown strong with years,
And for your only daughter and my son, 360
Whose welfare lies now wholly in your hands,
I beg you, help me in this thing, and let
The marriage be completed as arranged.

CHR. Nay, don't implore me : don't think that I ought
To yield to your entreaties. D'you suppose
My mind is other now than what it was 365
When first I offered her ? If it be best
For both that they be married, send for her,
But if it promises more harm than good
To both, I ask you think of both alike,
As if she were your daughter, and I father
To Pamphilus.

SI. Why, that's the very thing 370
I want and ask for, Chremes ; nor would I
Ask it, did not the facts themselves advise.

- CHR. Quid est?
- SI. Irae sunt inter Glycerium et gnatum.
- CHR. Audio.
- SI. Ita magnae, ut sperem posse avelli.
- CHR. Fabulae.
- SI. Profecto sic est.
- CHR. Sic hercle ut dicam tibi :
Amantium irae amoris integratio 'st. 375
- SI. Hem, id te oro ut ante eamus. dum tempus datur,
Uxorem demus. spero consuetudine
Coniugi eum liberalis devinctum, Chremes,
Dein facile ex illis sese emersurum malis.
- CHR. Tibi ita hoc videtur : at ego non posse arbitror 380
Neque illum hanc perpetuo habere neque me perpeti.
- SI. Qui scis ergo istuc, nisi periculum feceris?
- CHR. At istuc periculum in filia fieri grave 'st.
- SI. Nempe incommoditas denique huc omnis redit,
Si eveniat, quod di prohibeant, discessio. 385
At si corrigitur, quot commoditates vide :
Principio amico filium restitueris,
Tibi generum firmum et filiae invenies virum.
- CHR. Quid istic? si ita istuc animum induxti esse utile,
Nolo tibi ullum commodum in me claudier. 390
- SI. Merito te semper maxumi feci, Chremes.
- CHR. Sed quid ais?
- SI. Quid?

CHR. What facts are these ?

SI. Glycerium and my son

Have quarrelled.

CHR. Nonsense !

SI. And so bitterly,

I hope they can be parted.

CHR. Fiddlesticks !

SI. Indeed it is the truth.

CHR. The truth indeed

That lovers' quarrels knit their love more close. 375

SI. Ah ! that I ask you to forestall. A chance
Is offered : let him have a wife. I hope
That, once he's bound by wedding fellowship
To a lady, he will easily break free
From this intrigue.

CHR. It may seem so to you, 380

But I don't think it's possible that he
Should have and keep her. No, I can't allow it.

SI. How can you tell, unless you give the plan
A trial ?

CHR. 'Tis a trial that involves

Too great a risk to run with one's own child.

SI. The inconvenience only comes to this :
If it turn out, as God forbid it should, 385
Divorce ; but if he is reformed, just see
What blessings follow ? First you will restore
A son to your old friend : yourself will find
A trusty son-in-law, and for your child
A husband.

CHR. (*yielding*) Well, well ! if you are so sure
It will be best, I do not like to stand 390
In the way of your advantage.

SI. I was right

In always thinking highly of you, Chremes !

CHR. But stay !

SI. What is it ?

CHR. Qui scis eos nunc discordare inter se?

SI. Ipus mihi Davos, qui intumus 't eorum consiliis, dixit :

Et is mihi suadet nuptias quantum queam ut maturem.

Num censes faceret, filium nisi sciret eadem haec velle? 395

Tute adeo iam eius verba audies. heus, evocate huc Davom.

Atque eccum : video ipsum foras exire.

SCAENA II.

DAVOS. SIMO. CHREMES.

DA. Ad te ibam.

SI. Quid nam 'st?

DA. Quor non arcessitur? iam advesperascit.

SI. Audin' tu illum?

Ego dudum non nil veritus sum, Dave, abs te, ne faceres idem,

Quod volgus servorum solet, dolis ut me deluderet, 400

Propterea quod amat filius.

DA. Egon' istuc facerem?

SI. Credidi :

Idque adeo metuens vos celavi, quod nunc dicam.

DA. Quid?

SI. Scies :

Nam propemodum habeo iam fidem.

DA. Tandem cognosti qui siem?

SI. Non fuerant nuptiae futurae.

DA. Quid? non?

SI. Sed ea gratia

Simulavi, vos ut pertemptarem.

DA. Quid aïs?

SI. Sic res est.

DA. Vide : 405

Numquam istuc quivi ego intellegere. vah consilium callidum.

SI. Hoc audi : ut hinc foris exhibam, opportune hic fit mi obviam.

DA. Hem,

Num nam perimus?

SI. Narro huic, quae tu dudum narrasti mihi.

CHR. How d'you know they're quarrelling?
SI. Why, Davus, their close confidant, has told me so.
He urges that I hurry on with all despatch
The marriage. Do you think he would, unless he knew 395
My son was eager for it? But with your own ears
You shall hear all. Hi! summon Davus. Ah! he's here,
I see him coming out.

SCENE II.

Enter DAVUS from Simo's house.

DA. I wanted you.
SI. What for?
DA. Why, where's the bride? It's getting late.
SI. (*aside to Chremes*) There, do you hear?
(*to Davus*)
A long time I was half afraid that, like the common run
Of servants, Davus, you would try to play some trick on me, 400
Because my son is deep in love.
DA. (*innocently*) Play tricks on you? What I?
SI. I thought so; fearing this, I hid what now I will reveal.
DA. What's that?
SI. You'll hear. I almost trust you now.
DA. At last you know
The treasure you have got.
SI. This wedding was a hoax.
DA. (*with affected incredulity*) A hoax!
SI. I made believe to test you fully.
DA. No!
SI. Yes, that's the truth. 405
DA. There now! I never should have known. Oh! what a
cunning plan!
SI. Now listen! Just as I was going out, who should appear
But Chremes?
DA. (*startled, aside*) Eh! can we be caught?
SI. I told him what you said.

DA. Quid nam audio ?

SI. Gnatam ut det oro, vixque id exoro.

DA. Occidi.

SI. Hem,

Quid dixisti ?

DA. Optume inquam factum.

SI. Nunc per hunc nulla 'st mora. 410

CHR. Domum modo ibo, ut adparetur dicam, atque huc renuntio.

SI. Nunc te oro, Dave, quoniam solus mi effecisti has nuptias ...

DA. Ego vero solus.

SI. ... corrigere mihi gnatum porro enit̃ere.

DA. Faciam hercle sedulo.

SI. Potes nunc, dum animus inritatus est.

DA. Quiescas.

SI. Age igitur, ubi nunc est ip̃sus ?

DA. Mirum ni domi 'st. 415

SI. Ibo ad eum atque eadem haec, quae tibi dixi, dicam itidem illi.

DA. Nullus sum.

Quid causae 'st, quin hinc in pistrinum recta proficiscar via ?

Nil est preci loci relictum : iam perturbavi omnia :

Erum fefelli : in nuptias conieci erilem filium ;

Em astutias : quod si quiessem, nil evenisset mali. 420

Sed eccum video ip̃sum : occidi.

Utinam mihi esset aliquid hic, quo nunc me praecipitem darem.

SCAENA III.

PAMPHILUS. DAVOS.

PA. Ubi illic est ? scelus, qui me hodie ...

DA. Perii.

DA. What's this?

SI. I begged him now to give his daughter, and at last
Won his consent.

DA. (*muttering*) We're done for!

SI. (*half overhearing*) Eh! what did you say? 410

DA. (*repressing his confusion with an effort*) I said
"Well done!"

SI. Now he does not object.

CHR. I'll just run home, and see
That all's got ready, and bring word again.

SI. Now, Davus, please,
Since you, and you alone, have made this wedding . . .

DA. (*aside, groaning*) I alone!

SI. . . . try all you can to set him straight.

DA. I'll use my utmost skill.

SI. Now, while he's feeling sore, you can.

DA. You set your mind at rest. 415

SI. Come then, where is he?

DA. I'll be bound he is at home.

SI. I'll go
And tell him what I've told to you.

[*Exit Simo into his house.*]

DA. I might as well be dead.

Nothing can save me now: I shall be sent straight to the mill:

No chance of mercy. I have made a pretty mess of things:

I have tricked master, master's son have pitchforked into
marriage.

Oh! cunning! If I'd only held my tongue, all had been
well. 420

(*The door of Simo's house opens.*)

But there he is: I'm done for now!

Oh! if I had some sword, that I might end my wretched life!

SCENE III.

Enter PAMPHILUS, furious.

PA. Where's the scoundrel, who to-day has—

DA. (*aside*) Done for!

PA. Atque hoc confiteor iure
Mi obtigisse, quandoquidem tam iners, tam nulli consili sum :

Servon' fortunas meas me commisisse futtili ! 425

Ego pretium ob stultitiam fero : sed inultum numquam id
auferet.

DA. Posthac incolumem sat scio fore me, si devito hoc malum.

PA. Nam quid ego nunc dicam patri? negabon' velle me, modo
Qui sum pollicitus ducere? qua audacia id facere audeam?
Nec quid me nunc faciam scio.

DA. Nec quid me, atque id ago sedulo. 430
Dicam aliquid me inventurum, ut huic malo aliquam pro-
ductem moram.

PA. Oh.

DA. Visus sum.

PA. Eho dum bone vir, quid aïs? viden' me consiliis tuis
Miserum impeditum esse?

DA. At iam expediam.

PA. Expedies?

DA. Certe, Pamphile.

PA. Nempe ut modo.

DA. Immo melius spero.

PA. Oh, tibi ego ut credam, furcifer?
Tu rem impeditam et perditam restituas? hem quo fretus
sim, 435

Qui me hodie ex tranquillissima re coniecisti in nuptias.

An non dixi esse hoc futurum?

DA. Dixti.

PA. Quid meritu's?

DA. Crucem.

Sed sine paululum ad me redeam : iam aliquid dispiciam.

PA. Ei mihi,

Quom non habeo spatium, ut de te sumam supplicium, ut volo :
Namque hoc tempus praecavere mihi me, hau te ulcisci sinit. 440

PA. —Yet I own that rightly

Has this come upon me, since I

Am so feeble and resourceless.

Just to think of trusting all my fortunes to a babbling slave! 425

I pay for my own folly: yet he shan't get off scot free.

DA. (*to himself*) If I escape this storm, I'll think my life is charmed
'gainst harm.

PA. How can I face my father? Can I, now I've given my word,
Refuse to marry? With what face can I do such a thing?

I know not what to do!

DA. (*to himself*) Nor I. I'm busy thinking though. 430
I'll say I will find out a plan—just to put off my woes.

PA. (*catching sight of Davus*) Oh!

DA. (*to himself*) Now I'm seen!

PA. (*bitterly*) Well, my fine sir, what have you got to say?
See what a wretched tangle your fine plans have got me in.

DA. Which I will disentangle.

PA. (*scornfully*) Disentangle!

DA. Certainly,

My Pamphilus.

PA. (*with bitter irony*) What, as before?

DA. No, better, as I hope.

PA. Oh! why, you villain, did I trust to you? Will you set right
This tangled, hopeless business? Look! I trusted in this
wretch! 435

And you this day from peace profound have tossed me into—
marriage!

Did I not say what would happen?

DA. Yes.

PA. What is it you deserve?

DA. Hanging. But give me a respite to collect my wits: I'll find
Some contrivance.

PA. There's no time, alas, to flog you as I would:
Only time to take precautions for myself, not punish you. 440

ACTUS IV.

SCAENA I.

CHARINUS. PAMPHILUS. DAVOS.

CHA. Hocine est credibile aut memorabile,
Tanta vecordia innata quoiquam ut siet,
Ut malis gaudeant atque ex incommodis
Alterius sua ut comparent commoda?

PA. Charine, et me et te imprudens, nisi quid di respiciunt,
perdidi. 445

CHA. Itane 'imprudens?' tandem inventa 'st causa. solvisti fidem.

PA. Quid 'tandem?'

CHA. Etiam nunc me ducere istis dictis postulas?

PA. Quid istuc est?

CHA. Postquam me amare dixi, complacita 'st tibi
Heu me miserum, qui tuom animum ex animo spectavi meo.

PA. Falsu's.

CHA. Nonne tibi sat esse hoc visum 'st solidum gaudium, 450
Nisi me lactasses amantem et falsa spe produceres.
Habeas.

PA. Habeam? a nescis quantis in malis vorser miser,
Quantasque hic consiliis mihi conflavit sollicitudines
Meus carnufex.

CHA. Quid istuc tam mirum 'st, de te si exemplum capit?

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter CHARINUS. He is in despair at the news, which Byrria has brought him, of the apparent willingness of Pamphilus to marry Pasiphila.

PAMPHILUS and DAVUS are at the side of the stage.

CHA. Oh ! it's incredible, words are too weak for it !

Can there be any one's nature so barbarous

As to delight in ill, and from the miseries

Of his companion to get his own benefit ?

PA. (*coming forward*)

Charinus, both myself and you, not knowing what I did, 445

I've ruined : nothing now can save us but a miracle.

CHA. (*turning on him bitterly*)

Oh ! ' not knowing,' that's it, is it ? Now a plea is found at last.

Promise-breaker !

PA. Why 'at last ?'

CHA. What ? even now with this pretence

Do you think to gull me ?

PA. What's this ?

CHA. When I said I loved her, you

Straightway found her charming. What a miserable fool I am ;

Since I thought your heart as honest as I know my own to be !

PA. You misjudge me.

CHA. Did it not seem that your bliss was well assured, 450

If you had not duped my love, and led me on with lying hopes ?

Take her !

PA. Take her ? Ah ! you cannot know what troubles torture me,

And what a storm of cares my scoundrel slave has brought
on me

By his devices.

CHA. Little wonder, if he copies you.

PA. Quor me enicas? hoc audi. numquam destitit 455

Instare, ut dicerem me ducturum patri :

Suadere, orare usque adeo donec perpulit.

CHA. Quis homo istuc?

PA. Davos.

CHA. Quam obrem?

PA. Nescio, nisi mihi

Deos satis fuisse iratos, qui auscultaverim.

CHA. Factum hoc est, Dave?

DA. Factum.

CHA. Hem, quid aïs, scelus? 460

At tibi di dignum factis exitium duint.

Eho, dic mihi, si omnes hunc coniectum in nuptias

Inimici vellent, quod ni hoc consilium darent?

DA. Deceptus sum, at non defetigatus.

CHA. Scio.

DA. Hac non successit, alia adgrediemur via : 465

Nisi si id putas, quia primo processit parum,

Non posse iam ad salutem convorti hoc malum.

PA. Immo etiam : Nam satis credo, si advigilaveris,

Ex unis geminas mihi conficies nuptias.

DA. Parum succedit quod ago : at facio sedulo. 470

Vel melius tute reperi, me missum face.

PA. Cupio : restitue quem a me accepisti locum.

DA. Faciam.

PA. At iam hoc opus 't.

DA. Hem : sed mane : concrepuit ab istac ostium.

PA. Oh ! why distract me ? Listen now to this, 455
He never ceased to urge me on to tell
My father I would marry ; begged and prayed
Of me, until at last he gained his point.

CHA. Who is't you speak of ?

PA. Davus.

CHA. Why did he
Act so ?

PA. I have no notion—save of this,
That I must have incurred the wrath of Heaven,
Or I had never listened else.

CHA. Is this
Your doing, Davus ?

DA. Yes.

CHA. You scoundrel, you ! 460

May Heaven punish you as you deserve.

Why, tell me now, if all his enemies

Had wished him hurried into marriage, what

Advice would they have given him but this ?

DA. I've been deceived, but I'm not done for yet.

CHA. (*ironically*) Indeed !

DA. No luck this way ; we'll try another : 465

Unless indeed from our first ill-success

You think the mess we're in can't be retrieved.

PA. (*with sarcastic emphasis*)

Far from it ; for I'm well aware, if you

Look out, not once, but twice, you'll get me married.

DA. One way has failed : but yet I'm busy still 470

Contriving. Or if you've a better plan,

Send me about my business.

PA. That's my wish ;

If you will put me where I was before.

DA. I will.

PA. But *now*.

DA. Eh ! (*hearing noise at the door of Glycerium's house*) Stop a bit : there's knocking at her door.

PA. Nil ad te.

DA. Quaero.

PA. Hem, nuncin' demum ?

DA. At iam hoc tibi inventum dabo.

SCAENA II.

MYSIS. PAMPHILUS. CHARINUS. DAVOS.

MY. Iam ubi ubi erit, inventum tibi curabo et mecum adduc-
tum 475

Tuom Pamphilum : modo tu, anime mi, noli te macerare.

PA. Mysis.

MY. Quis est ? ehem Pamphile, optume mihi te offers.

PA. Quid id est ?

MY. Orare iussit, si se ames, era, iam ut ad sese venias :

Videre aît te cupere.

PA. Vah, perii : hoc malum integrascit.

Sicin' me atque illam opera tua nunc miseros sollicitari ! 480

Nam idcirco arcessor, nuptias quod mi adparari sensit.

CHA. Quibus quidem quam facile potuerat quiesci, si hic quiesset !

DA. Age, si hic non insanit satis sua sponte, instiga.

MY. Atque edlepol

Ea res est : proptereaue nunc misera in maerore 'st.

PA. Mysis,

Per omnis tibi adiuro deos, numquam eam me deserturum, 485

Non, si capiundos mihi sciam esse inimicos omnis homines.

Hanc mi expetivi, contigit : conveniunt mores : valeant

Qui inter nos discidium volunt : hanc nisi mors mi adimet nemo.

CHA. Resipisco.

PA. Non Apollinis magis verum atque hoc responsum 'st.

Si poterit fieri, ut ne pater per me stetisse credat, 490

Quo minus haec fierent nuptiae, volo. sed si id non poterit,

Id faciam, in proclivi quod est, per me stetisse ut credat.

Quis videor ?

PA. (*savagely*) What's that to you ?

DA. (*as if deep in thought*) I'm thinking.

PA. (*sarcastically*) Ah ! at last ?

DA. I'll have it soon.

SCENE II.

Enter MYSIS from the house : she speaks to GLYCERIUM within.

MY. Wherever he may be, I'll find your Pamphilus 475

And bring him with me : only do not fret, dear love !

PA. Mysis !

MY. Who's that ? (*looks round*) Oh ! Pamphilus, how fortunate !

PA. Why so ?

MY. My mistress bade me beg you, by your love
For her, to come to her at once. "She wants," says she,
"To see you."

PA. Oh ! God help me ! things grow worse and worse.
(*turning sharply on Davus*)

D'you see to what distress you've brought us both ? She's
heard 480

About the coming marriage, and so sends for me.

CHA. If only he had held his tongue, there'd not have been
A word about the marriage.

DA. Oh ! go on : as if
He were not mad enough himself ; yes, egg him on !

MY. That's it indeed : that's why she is in such distress,
Poor lady !

PA. Mysis, in the sight of Heaven I swear 485
I never will forsake her—no, though I must face
The enmity of all mankind. I sought her love ;
I won her : our two hearts are one : begone then, all
That wish us parted : nought save death shall take her from me.

CHA. I breathe again.

PA. This is as true as prophecy.

If it may be my father should not think that I 490
Frustrate the marriage, well : if not, then I will do
What's easy, make him think I *have* frustrated it.
Now, what d'you take me for ?

CHA. Miser, aequae atque ego.

DA. Consilium quaero.

CHA. Forti's?

PA. Scio, quid conere.

DA. Hoc ego tibi profecto effectum reddam.

PA. Iam hoc opus est?

DA. Quin iam habeo.

CHA. Quid est?

DA. Huic, non tibi habeo, ne erres. 495

CHA. Sat habeo.

PA. Quid facies? cedo.

DA. Dies hic mi ut satis sit vereor

Ad agendum: ne vacuum esse me nunc ad narrandum credas:

Proinde hinc vos amolimini: nam mi impedimento estis.

PA. Ego hanc visam.

DA. Quid tu? quo hinc te agis?

CHA. Verum vis dicam?

DA. Immo etiam

Narrationis incipit mi initium.

CHA. Quid me fiet? 500

DA. Eho tu impudens, non satis habes, quod tibi dieculam addo,

Quantum huic promoveo nuptias?

CHA. Dave, at tamen.

DA. Quid ergo?

CHA. Ut ducam.

DA. Ridiculum.

CHA. Huc face ad me ut venias, siquid poteris.

- CHA. A most unhappy man,
Just like myself.
- DA. (*pondering*) I'm thinking of a plan.
- CHA. (*gratefully*) That's right.
- PA. (*sneering*) I know what you are after.
- DA. I'll soon have it done.
- PA. But it must be at once.
- DA. At once I have it !
- CHA. (*eagerly*) Well ?
- DA. The plan's for him, not you ; don't be mistaken. 495
- CHA. (*crestfallen*) No,
That is enough.
- PA. What is it, pray ?
- DA. The day's too short
To *work* it in, I fear : do you suppose that I
Have time to *talk* of it ? Now you two just be off !
You're in my way.
- PA. I'll go and see her.
[*Exit into Glycerium's house.*
Charinus goes a little way, and then stops and half turns back.
- DA. (*watching him*) Well ; and you ?
Where are *you* going ?
- CHA. (*depressed*) Shall I tell the truth ?
- DA. Oh dear !
Here's a long story coming.
- CHA. (*sorrowfully*) What's to come of me ? 500
- DA. What, you unconscionable, are you not content
At getting a day's respite, in that I put off
His marriage.
- CHA. (*hesitating*) Yes, but Davus . . .
- DA. Well, what now ?
- CHA. Contrive
That I shall marry her.
- DA. Absurd !
- CHA. But if you can,
Be sure you come to me.

DA. Quid veniam? nil habeo.

CHA. At tamen siquid.

DA. Age, veniam.

CHA. Siquid,

Domi ero.

DA. Tu, Mysis, dum exeo, parumper opperire hic. 505

MY. Quapropter?

DA. Ita facto opus est.

MY. At matura.

DA. Iam inquam hic adero.

SCAENA III.

MYSIS. DAVOS.

MY. Nilne esse proprium quoiquam! di vostram fidem :
 Summum bonum esse erae putavi hunc Pamphilum,
 Amicum, amatorem, virum in quovis loco
 Paratum ; verum ex eo nunc misera quem capit 510
 Laborem ! facile hic plus mali 'st quam illic boni.
 Sed Davos exit. mi homo, quid istuc obsecro 'st?
 Quo portas puerum ?

DA. Mysis, nunc opus est tua
 Mihi ad hanc rem exprompta malitia atque astutia.

MY. Quid nam incepturu 's?

DA. Accipe a me hunc ocus 515
 Atque ante nostram ianuam adpone.

MY. Obsecro,
 Humine ?

DA. Ex ara hinc sume verbenas tibi
 Atque eas substerne.

- DA. What for? I've no device.
CHA. But if you *should* have . . .
DA. Well, I'll come then.
CHA. If you *should*,
I'll be at home. [Exit.
DA. (*turning to Mysis*) Now, Mysis, you wait here awhile, 505
Till I come out.
MY. What for?
DA. Because you're wanted to.
MY. Well, don't be long.
DA. I tell you I'll be back at once.
[Exit into Glycerium's house.]

SCENE III.

- MY. Can nothing be relied on in the world?
Lord love me! but I thought my mistress had
Found a real blessing in this Pamphilus,
Friend, lover, husband, ready to stand true 510
Whatever might befall: but now, poor soul,
How much distress he gives her! Former good
Is easily outweighed by present ill.
(*The door of Glycerium's house opens.*)
But here comes Davus.
(Enter DAVUS, carrying a baby.)
My good man, what's that?
Where are you carrying the baby to?
DA. Now, Mysis, for my enterprise I want
Your wits and shrewdness ready.
MY. What on earth
Are you about to do?
DA. Here, quick and take
The child, and put it down before our door. 515
MY. What, on the ground?
DA. Take from the altar here
The sacred boughs, and strew them underneath.
(*Gives Mysis branches from the altar.*)

MY. Quam obrem id tute non facis?

DA. Quia, si forte opus sit ad erum iurato mihi
Non adposisse, ut liquido possim.

MY. Intellego : 520

Nova nunc religio in te istaec incessit. cedo.

DA. Move ocius te, ut quid agam porro intellegas.
Pro Iuppiter.

MY. Quid est?

DA. Sponsae pater intervenit.

Repudio quod consilium primum intenderam.

MY. Nescio quid narres.

DA. Ego quoque hinc ab dextera 525

Venire me adsimulabo : tu ut subservias

Orationi, ut quomque opus sit, verbis vide.

MY. Ego quid agas nil intellego : sed siquid est,
Quod mea opera opus sit vobis, ut tu plus vides,
Manebo, nequod vostrum remorer commodum. 530

SCAENA IV.

CHREMES. MYNIS. DAVOS.

CHR. Revortor, postquam quae opus fuere ad nuptias
Gnatae paravi, ut iubeam arcessi. sed quid hoc?
Puer hercle 'st. mulier, tu adposisti hunc?

MY. Why don't you do all this yourself?

DA. Because

There may be need to swear to master that
I did not put it there : then I can swear
With a clear conscience.

MY. Oh ! I understand.

520

These scruples are quite new. Give me the child.

(Davius gives the baby to Mysis.)

DA. Look sharp, that you may see what I want next.

(Mysis puts the baby in front of Simo's door. Davus catches sight of Chremes approaching.)

Good Lord !

MY. Why, what's the matter ?

DA. Yonder comes

The father of the bride. I must give up
The plan I first proposed.

MY. *(mystified)* I've no idea

What you are talking of.

DA. I shall pretend

525

That I have come in this way *(pointing)* from the right.
Now mind you back me up in what I say,
When it is wanted.

MY. What you're after now

I haven't got a notion : but if I

Can help in any way, since you know best,

I'll stay, and not impede your interests.

530

SCENE IV.

Enter CHREMES.

CHR. I've made all ready for my daughter's wedding,
And now I come to bid them send for her.

(Goes towards Simo's house, but stops suddenly on seeing the baby.)

Hullo ! what's this ? *(looks closer)* Good gracious ! it's a
child ! *(Turns round and sees Mysis.)*

Did you put this here, woman ?

MY.

Ubi illic est?

CHR. Non mihi respondes?

MY.

Nusquam est. vae miserae mihi,

Reliquit me homo atque abiit.

DA.

Di vostram fidem, 535

Quid turbae 'st apud forum? quid illi hominum litigant?

Tum annona cara 'st. quid dicam aliud, nescio.

MY. Quor tu obsecro hic me solam?

DA.

Hem, quae haec est fabula?

Eho Mysis, puer hic unde 'st? quisve huc attulit?

MY. Satin sanu 's, qui me id rogites?

DA.

Quem ego igitur rogem, 540

Qui hic neminem alium videam?

CHR.

Miror, unde sit.

DA. Dictura es quod rogo?

MY.

Au.

DA.

Concede ad dexteram.

MY. Deliras: non tute ipse?

DA.

Verbum si mihi

Unum praeter quam quod te rogo, faxis, cave.

Male dicis? unde 'st? dic clare.

MY.

A nobis.

DA.

Hahae. 545

CHR. Ab Andria 'st ancilla haec, quantum intellego.

DA. Adeon' videmur vobis esse idonei,

In quibus sic inludatis?

MY. (*looking anxiously for Davus, aside*) Where's he gone?

CHR. You do not answer?

MY. (*still looking about, aside*) Nowhere! Drat the man!
He has run off and left me.

(*Re-enter DAVUS, pretending not to see Chremes.*)

DA. (*talking loudly*) Bless my soul! 535

What hubbub in the market! what a mob
Of wranglers! Things are dear too! (*aside*) What on earth
To say next, I've no notion.

MY. (*aside to Davus*) Why d'you leave
Me here alone?

DA. (*looking at Mysis and then at the baby*) Hullo! What farce
is this?

(*blustering*) Here, Mysis, where does this child come from?
who

Has brought it here?

MY. You must have lost your wits
To ask me this.

DA. Who should I ask then, pray? 540
There's no one else to ask.

CHR. (*to himself*) I wonder where
It comes from.

DA. (*shouting*) Will you tell me what I ask?

MY. Fie!

DA. (*quickly, aside*) Move a little to the right.

MY. You're mad:

You put it there yourself.

DA. (*threatening*) Now not a word,
But answer me: take care. Abuse me, eh?
Where does it come from? now speak out.

MY. Our house.

DA. (*laughing boisterously*) Ha! ha!

CHR. (*to himself*) The maid is from the Andrian's, 545
As far as I can judge.

DA. Do we seem such
Good targets for your tricks?

CHR. Veni in tempore.

DA. Propera adeo puerum tollere hinc ab ianua :
Mane : cave quoquam ex istoc excessis loco. 550

MY. Di te eradicent : ita me miseram territas.

DA. Tibi ego dico an non ?

MY. Quid vis ?

DA. At etiam rogas ?

Cedo, quoum puerum hic adposisti ? dic mihi.

MY. Tu nescis ?

DA. Mitte id quod scio : dic quod rogo.

MY. Vostri.

DA. Quoum nostri ?

MY. Pamphili.

CHR. Hem.

DA. Quid ? Pamphili ? 555

MY. Eho, an non est ?

CHR. Recte ego semper fugi has nuptias.

DA. O facinus animadvortendum.

MY. Quid clamitas ?

DA. Quemne ego heri vidi ad vos adferri vesperi ?

MY. O hominem audacem.

DA. Verum : vidi Cantharam.

Suffarcinatam.

MY. Dis pol habeo gratias 560

Quom in pariundo aliquot adfuerunt liberae.

DA. Ne illa illum hau novit, quoum causa haec incipit :
'Chremes si adpositum puerum ante aedis viderit
Suam gnatam non dabit : ' tanto hercle magis dabit.

CHR. Non hercle faciet.

DA. Nunc adeo, ut tu sis sciens, 565

Nisi puerum tollis, iam ego hunc in mediam viam
Provolvam teque ibidem pervolvam in luto.

MY. Tu pol homo non es sobrius.

CHR. (*to himself*)

I'm just in time.

DA. Make haste and take this baby from the door.

(*aside*) Stop! mind you do not budge from where you stand. 550

MY. Plague take the fellow! How you frighten me!

DA. D'you hear me speak or not?

MY. What do you want?

DA. What do I want? Whose child is this, I ask,
That you have put here? Tell me.

MY. Don't you know?

DA. Nev'r you mind what I *know*; say what I *ask*.

MY. Yours.

DA. Which of us?

MY. Why, Pamphilus'.

CHR. (*to himself*)

Dear me!

DA. What, Pamphilus'?

MY. Well, is it not his child? 555

CHR. (*to himself*) I always shunned this match; and I was right.

DA. (*shouting*) Abominable! monstrous!

MY. Why d'you bawl?

DA. I saw this child brought to your house last night.

MY. You wicked man!

DA. It's true: 'twas Canthara

I saw, swelled like a bundle.

MY. I thank Heaven 560

There were some ladies present at the birth.

DA. My word! she doesn't know the man on whom
She tries this trick: thinks she, 'If Chremes sees
A child before the door, he will not give
His daughter.' Why, he'll give her all the more.

CHR. (*aside*) Indeed he won't!

DA. Now, if you want to know, 565

Unless you take the baby off at once,

I'll throw it in the middle of the road

And roll it in the mud there.

MY. Gracious! man,

You're drunk.

DA. Fallacia

Alia aliam trudit. iam susurrari audio,

Civem Atticam esse hanc.

CHR. Hem.

DA. 'Coactus legibus 570

Eam uxorem ducet.'

MY. Eho, obsecro, an non civis est?

CHR. Iocularium in malum insciens paene incidi.

DA. Quis hic loquitur? O Chremes, per tempus advenis :

Ausculata.

CHR. Audivi iam omnia.

DA. Anne haec tu omnia?

CHR. Audivi, inquam, a principio.

DA. Audistin', obsecro? em 575

Scelera, hanc iam oportet in cruciatum hinc abripi.

Hic est ille : non te credas Davom ludere.

MY. Me miseram : nil pol falsi dixi, mi senex.

CHR. Novi, omnem rem. est Simo intus?

DA. Est.

MY. Ne me attigas,

Sceleste. si pol Glycerio non omnia haec . . . 580

DA. Eho inepta, nescis quid sit actum?

MY. Qui sciam?

DA. Hic socer est. alio pacto hau poterat fieri,

Ut sciret haec quae volumus.

MY. Praediceres.

DA. Paulum inter esse censes, ex animo omnia,

Ut fert natura, facias an de industria? 585

DA. One trick treads hard on t'other's heels.
Why, now I hear it whispered she's of true
Athenian birth.

CHR. (*aside*) Eh!

DA. "And the law requires 570
That he shall marry her."

MY. Well, is she not
Athenian-born, pray tell me?

CHR. (*aside*) Unawares
I've almost fallen into a laughable
Dilemma.

DA. Who's that speaking?
(*turns, pretending to see Chremes for the first time.*)
Oh! Chremes,
You're here just in the nick of time: I'll tell you.

CHR. I have heard everything.

DA. (*affecting surprise*) What, everything?

CHR. Yes, from the outset.

DA. Have you really heard? 575
What villainy! This woman should be hung.
(*to Mysis*) This is the father: 'tis not Davus then
You play your tricks on.

MY. Oh dear me! Indeed
All that I've said is true, kind gentleman.

CHR. I understand it all. (*to Davus*) Is Simo in?

DA. He is. [*Exit Chremes into Simo's house.*]

MY. (*indignantly*) You ruffian, don't you handle me!
If I don't tell Glycerium all this . . . 580

DA. You silly, don't you know what has been done?

MY. How should I know?

DA. This is the lady's father.
It was the only way to let him know
All that we wished.

MY. You might have told me first.

DA. D'you think it makes no difference if you play
Your part as nature guides you, or by rote? 585

SCAENA V.

CRITO. MYNIS. DAVOS.

CR. In hac habitasse platea dictum 'st Chrysidem ;
Eius morte iam ad me lege redierunt bona.
Sed quos perconter video. salvete.

MY. Obsecro,
Quem video ? estne hic Crito sobrinus Chrysidis ?
Is est.

CR. O Mysis, salve.

MY. Salvos sis, Crito. 590

CR. Itan' Chrysis ? hem.

MY. Nos quidem pol miseras perdidit.

CR. Quid vos ? quo pacto hic ? satine recte ?

MY. Nosne ? sic :

Ut quimus, aiunt, quando ut volumus non licet.

CR. Quid Glycerium ? iam hic suos parentis repperit ?

MY. Utinam.

CR. An non dum etiam ? haud auspicato huc me attuli : 595

Nam pol, si id scissem, numquam huc tetulissem pedem :

Semper enim dicta 'st esse haec atque habita 'st soror :

Quae illius fuerunt, possidet : nunc me hospitem

Litis sequi, quam hic mihi sit facile atque utile,

Aliorum exempla commonent : simul arbitror, 600

Iam aliquem esse amicum et defensorem ei : nam fere

Grandicula iam profectast illinc. clamitent

Me sycophantam, hereditatem persequi

Mendicum : tum ipsam despoliare non lubet.

MY. O optume hospes pol Crito anticum obtines. 605

CR. Duc me ad eam, quando huc veni, ut videam.

MY. Maxume.

DA. Sequar hos : nolo me in tempore hoc videat senex.

SCENE V.

Enter CRITO from the harbour.

CR. 'Twas in this street; they told me, Chrysis lived ;
 By her demise I am her heir at law.
(Sees Mysis and Davus)

Here are some folk to ask. Good-day.

MY. *(recognising him)* Oh ! Heavens,
 Whom do I see ? Can this be Crito here ?
 Cousin to Chrysis ? It is he.

CR. What, Mysis ?
 And how are you ?

MY. Crito, I hope you're well. 590

CR. And how does Chrysis . . . h'm ! *(hesitating)*

MY. *(bursting into tears)* 'Tis a great loss,
 We're left alone.

CR. And you ? how do you fare ?
 Are you all right ?

MY. We ? Pretty well ; so-so.

"Not as we like, but as we can," they say.

CR. What of Glycerium ? Has she found her friends ?

MY. I wish she had.

CR. What, not yet ? 'Twas bad luck 595
 That brought me here. Indeed if I had known
 I never would have stirred a foot to come.
 She always passed and counted as her sister,
 And now inherits all her goods. For me,
 A stranger here, to go to law with her
 Were not an easy task or profitable : 600
 That other cases warn me ; and I think
 She will have found some friend and champion ;
 For she was almost grown-up when she left.
 They would cry ' swindler ' at me—say I was
 A beggar touting for a legacy.
 Besides, I should not like to rob the girl.

MY. O good old friend ! you keep the good old ways. 605

CR. Take me to see her, since I'm here.

MY. I will.

(Mysis and Crito go into Glycerium's house.)

DA. I'll go too : master mustn't see me now. *[Exit.]*

ACTUS V.

SCAENA I.

CHREMES. SIMO.

CHR. Satis iam satis, Simo, spectata erga te amicitia 'st mea :

Satis pericli incepti adire : orandi iam finem face.

Dum studeo obsequi tibi, paene inlusi vitam filiae. 610

SI. Immo enim nunc quom maxume abs te postulo atque oro,

Chremes,

Ut beneficium verbis initum dudum nunc re comprobēs.

CHR. Vide quam iniquos sis prae studio : dum id efficias quod cupis,

Neque modum benignitatis neque quid me ores cogitas :

Nam si cogites, remittas iam me onerare iniuriis. 615

SI. Quibus ?

CHR. At rogitas ? perpulisti me, ut homini adolescentulo

In alio occupato amore, abhorrenti ab re uxoria,

Filiam ut darem in seditionem atque in incertas nuptias,

Eius labore atque eius dolore gnato ut medicarer tuo :

Impetrasti : incepti, dum res tetulit. nunc non fert : feras. 620

Illam hinc civem esse aiunt : puer est natus : nos missos face.

SI. Per ego te deos oro, ut ne illis animum inducas credere,

Quibus id maxume utile 'st, illum esse quam deterrumum.

Nuptiarum gratia haec sunt ficta atque incepta omnia.

Ubi ea causa, quam obrem haec faciunt, erit adempta his, desinent. 625

CHR. Erras : cum Davo egomet vidi iurgantem ancillam.

SI. Scio.

CHR. Vero vultu, quom ibi me adesse neuter tum praesenserat.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter SIMO and CHREMES talking.

CHR. To the full I've proved my friendship towards you, Simo,
to the full :

I've run risks enough already : do not press me further, please.

Just to humour you I've almost played away my daughter's life. 610

SI. Nay, but rather more than ever do I beg you, Chremes, now

Carry out in act the service that you lately promised me.

CHR. Really you're unfair ; in reckless eagerness to get your way,

You forget what 'tis you ask me, and that kindness has its limits :

If you did not, you would surely cease to load me so with
wrongs. 615

SI. Wrongs ! what wrongs ?

CHR. Oh ! do you ask me ? Driven by your appeals I've let

My dear daughter run the hazard of a troubled married life,

Mated with a husband deeply compromised by other ties.

Well, you've had your wish ! I tried it, while the thing was feasible.

Now it is not : you must bear it. She, they say, by right of
birth 620

Is Athenian :—there's a child born :—you must grant us a re-
lease.

SI. For the love of Heaven, I beg you, do not, do not trust to
those

Whose advantage 'tis to blacken him in every way they can.

It's the wedding that has started all these stories and intrigues,

When the reason for their scheming is removed, 'twill all be
dropped. 625

CHR. You're mistaken : I saw Davus wrangling with the maid.

SI. Just so !

CHR. Really though, for at the moment neither knew that I was
there.

SCAENA II.

DAVOS. CHREMES. SIMO. DROMO.

DA. Animo nunciam otioso esse impero ...

CHR.

En Davom tibi.

SI. Unde egreditur?

DA. ... meo praesidio atque hospitibus.

SI.

Quid illud mali 'st?

DA. Ego commodiorem hominem adventum tempus non vidi.

SI.

Scelus, 630

Quem nam hic laudat?

DA. Omnis res est iam in vado.

SI.

Cesso adloqui?

DA. Erus est: quid agam?

SI.

O salve, bone vir.

DA.

Ehem Simo, O noster Chremes,

Omnia adparata iam sunt intus.

SI.

Curasti probe.

DA. Ubi voles, arcesse.

SI.

Bene sane: id enim vero hinc nunc abest.

Etiam tu hoc respondes, quid istic tibi negoti 'st?

DA.

Mihin'?

SI.

Ita. 635

DA. Mihin'?

SI.

Tibi ergo.

DA.

Modo ego intro ivi.

SI.

Quasi ego quam dudum rogem.

DA. Cum tuo gnato una.

SI.

Anne est intus Pamphilus? crucior miser.

Eho, non tu dixisti esse inter eos inimicitias, carnufex?

DA. Sunt.

SI.

Quor igitur hic est?

CHR.

Quid illum censes? cum illa litigat.

SCENE II.

Enter DAVUS from Glycerium's house.

DA. (*speaking into the house*) Be quite easy now, I tell you . . .

CHR. (*aside*) Why, there is your Davus, look !

SI. Where's he come from ?

DA. . . . in my keeping and the stranger's

SI. (*aside*) Oh the devil

DA. Well, he's come just to the minute—never man more aptly.

SI. (*aside*) Rogue ! 630

Who's he praising ?

DA. Now we're in smooth water.

SI. (*aside*) I'll not longer wait (*advances towards Davus*).

DA. (*seeing Simo, to himself*) It's the master.

SI. (*with sarcasm*) Oh you paragon !

DA. What ? Simo—Chremes, too !

All within is now made ready.

SI. Admirable diligence !

DA. Fetch the bride at your convenience.

SI. Thanks ! of course that is the hitch !

Hark ye, Sir, what business had you in that house ?

DA. (*stammering with confusion*) What business ?

SI. Yes. 635

DA. *I* ! what business ?

SI. You, I said, Sir !

DA. I went in just now.

SI. D'you think

I asked *when* ?

DA. Your son was with me.

SI. (*excitedly*) What ! Is Pamphilus in there ?

I'm distracted ! Scoundrel ! Why you said they'd quarrelled, didn't you ?

DA. Yes, they have.

SI. Why is he there, then ?

CHR. (*ironically*) Wrangling with her, don't you see ?

DA. Immo vero indignum, Chremes, iam facinus faxo ex me
audies. 640

Nescio qui senex modo venit: ellum; confidens, catus:

Quom faciem videas, videtur esse quantivis preti:

Tristis veritas inest in voltu atque in verbis fides.

SI. Quid nam adportas?

DA. Nil equidem, nisi quod illum audivi dicere.

SI. Quid aut tandem?

DA. Glycerium se scire civem esse Atticam.

SI. Hem, 645

Dromo, Dromo.

DA. Quid est?

SI. Dromo.

DA. Audi.

SI. Verbum si addideris ... Dromo.

DA. Audi obsecro.

DR. Quid vis?

SI. Sublimem hunc intro rape, quantum potes.

DR. Quem?

SI. Davom.

DA. Quam obrem?

SI. Quia lubet. rape inquam.

DA. Quid feci?

SI. Rape.

DA. Si quicquam invenies me mentitum, occidito.

SI. Nil audio:

Ego iam te commotum reddam.

DA. Tamen etsi hoc verum 'st?

SI. Tamen. 650

Cura adservandum vinctum, atque audin'? quadrupedem con-
stringito.

Age nunciam: ego pol hodie, si vivo, tibi

Ostendam, erum quid sit pericli fallere,

Et illi patrem.

CHR. A ne saevi tanto opere.

DA. Really it's outrageous, Chremes. You shall hear what they
are at. 640

There's an old man come from somewhere, look you, shrewd and
well-assured.

You'd imagine when you saw him that he was a worthy man.
In his face a solemn frankness, in his words good faith.

SI. What story

Are you bringing?

DA. I? oh! nothing,—only what I heard him say.

SI. Well, what?

DA. He declares Glycerium is of Attic parentage. 645

SI. (*furiously*) Oh! Dromo! Dromo!

DA. Listen!

SI. (*storming*) Dromo! not another word.

DA. Please listen!

Enter DROMO.

DR. Well, what orders?

SI. Up with him and take him in.

DR. Whom?

SI. Davus.

DA. Why?

SI. Because I choose it. Off with him, I say.

DA. My fault?

SI. Off with him!

(*Dromo seizes Davus and puts him over his shoulders*)

DA. Kill me if you find one word is false.

SI. Not a word! I'll have you touched up.

DA. E'en although it's true?

SI. Although. 650

Keep him in chains, and hark ye, bind him fast both hand
and foot!

Sure as I live, I'll show you it is risky

For you to trick your master :—and for him

His father.

CHR. Come! come! Calm yourself.

SI.

O Chremes,

Pietatem gnati ! nonne te miseret mei ? 655
Tantum laborem capere ob talem filium ?
Age Pamphile, exi Pamphile : ecquid te pudet ?

SCAENA III.

PAMPHILUS. SIMO. CHREMES.

PA. Quis me volt ? perii, pater est.

SI.

Quid aïs, omnium... ?

CHR.

A,

Rem potius ipsam dic, ac mitte male loqui.

SI. Quasi quicquam in hunc iam gravius dici possiet. 660
Ain' tandem, civis Glycerium 'st ?

PA.

Ita praedicant.

SI.

'Ita praedicant ?' O ingentem confidentiam !
Num cogitat quid dicat ? num facti piget ?
Vide num eius color pudoris signum usquam indicat.
Adeo impotenti esse animo, ut praeter civium 665
Morem atque legem et sui voluntatem patris
Tamen hanc habere studeat cum summo probro !

PA. Me miserum !

SI.

Hem, modone id demum sensi, Pamphile ?

Olim istuc, olim, quom ita animum induxti tuom,
Quod cuperes aliquo pacto efficiundum tibi : 670
Eodem die istuc verbum vere in te accidit.
Sed quid ego ? quor me excrucio ? quor me macero ?
Quor meam senectutem huius sollicito amentia ?
An ut pro huius peccatis ego supplicium sufferam ?
Immo habeat, valeat, vivat cum illa.

PA.

Mi pater. 675

SI.

Quid 'mi pater ?' quasi tu huius indigeas patris.
Domus, uxor, liberi inventi invito patre.

- SI. (*breaking down*) Oh Chremes !
My son's affection !—don't you pity me ? 655
All my pains wasted on a son like this !
Come, Pamphilus ! come out ! Have you no shame ?

SCENE III.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

- PA. Who wants me ?—Oh ! I'm lost—it is my father !
SI. Oh ! you, of all . . .
CHR. Ah friend ! speak to the point
And spare reproaches.
SI. Is it possible
Any reproach could be too bad for him ? 660
Now tell me, Sir ! Of true Athenian stock
Is this Glycerium ?
PA. Aye, Sir, so they say.
SI. (*sneering*) "Aye, so they say !" (*fiercely*) Oh what effrontery !
Does he pause to weigh his answer ? Is he sorry ?
Look ! does his cheek show ever a trace of shame ?
So lost to self-restraint, that 'gainst the laws 665
And customs of the land, against the wishes
Of his own father, he must have this girl
To wife, however deep the infamy !
PA. Oh wretched that I am !
SI. Oh ! Pamphilus,
Feel you this only now ? Long, long ago,
When first you were resolved that you must have
What you desired—by any and every means, 670
Then was it that this word was true of you.
But why go on ? why torture myself thus ?
Why trouble mine old age with his mad folly ?
Must I forsooth do penance for his sins ?
Nay, keep her, and live happy with her !
PA. Father ! 675
SI. Why 'father' me ? You do not want a father.
Home, wife, and children 'gainst your father's will

Adducti qui illam civem hinc dicant : viceris.

PA. Pater, licetne pauca?

SI. Quid dices mihi?

CHR. Tamen, Simo, audi.

SI. Ego audiam? quid audiam, 680
Chremes?

CHR. At tandem dicat.

SI. Age, dicat sino.

PA. Ego me amare hanc fateor : si id peccare 'st, fateor id quoque.

Tibi, pater, me dedo. quidvis oneris impone, impera.

Vis me uxorem ducere? hanc amittere? ut potero, feram.

Hoc modo te obsecro, ut ne credas a me adlegatum hunc
senem : 685

Sine me expurgem atque illum huc coram adducam.

SI. Adducas?

PA. Sine, pater.

CHR. Aequom postulat : da veniam.

PA. Sine te hoc exorem.

SI. Sino.

Quidvis cupio, dum ne ab hoc me falli comperiar, Chremes.

CHR. Pro peccato magno paulum supplici satis est patri.

SCAENA IV.

CRITO. CHREMES. SIMO. PAMPHILUS.

CR. Mitte orare. una harum quaevis causa me ut faciam monet, 690
Vel tu vel quod verum 'st vel quod ipsi cupio Glycerio.

CHR. Andrium ego Critonem video? certe is est.

CR. Salvos sis, Chremes.

CHR. Quid tu Athenas insolens?

CR. Evenit. sed hicine 'st Simo?

You've found : you've brought your witnesses to say
She's a true-born Athenian ! You have won.

PA. Oh ! father, may I speak ?

SI. What will you tell me ?

CHR. Come, Simo, listen.

SI. Listen ! why should I listen, 680
Chremes ?

CHR. Nay, let him speak.

SI. (*giving a grudging assent*) Well then : say on.

PA. I confess I love her, freely own the fault, if fault it be.

To your will I yield me, father : put upon me what you please.

Bid me leave her, wed another ? I will bear it as I may ;

Only do not think, I beg you, that I bribed the old man to
come. 685

Let me clear myself before you ; let me bring the stranger here.

SI. Bring him here ?

PA. Yes, father, let me.

CHR. Come, consent : it's fair enough.

PA. Grant me only this.

SI. (*reluctantly*) Well, bring him.

[*Exit Pamphilus into Glycerium's house.*

Anything, so long as I

Do not find he cheats me, Chremes.

CHR. Ah ! a father's satisfied

With a very little penance even for a great offence.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter PAMPHILUS, with Crito.

CR. Say no more :—one of these reasons is enough to make
me go ; 690

Since you ask it, for the truth's sake, or to help Glycerium.

CHR. Crito here, from Andros ? Surely, yes it is !

CR. How are you, Chremes ?

CHR. What brings *you* to Athens ?

CR. So it happens. Is this Simo, please ?

CHR. Hic.

CR. Simo, men' quaeris?

SI. Eho tu, Glycerium hinc civem esse ais?

CR. Tu negas?

SI. Itane huc paratus advenis?

CR. Qua re?

SI. Rogas? 695

Tune impune haec facias? tune hic homines adolescentulos

Imperitos rerum, eductos libere, in fraudem inlicis?

Sollicitando et pollicitando eorum animos lactas?

CR. Sanun' es?

PA. Perii, metuo ut substet hospes.

CHR. Si, Simo, hunc noris satis,

Non ita arbitrere: bonus est hic vir.

SI. Hic vir sit bonus? 700

Itane attemperate evenit, hodie in ipsis nuptiis

Ut veniret, antehac numquam? est vero huic credendum, Chremes.

PA. Ni metuam patrem, habeo pro illa re illum quod moneam probe.

SI. Sycophanta.

CR. Hem.

CHR. Sic, Crito, est hic: mitte.

CR. Videat qui siet.

Si mihi perget quae volt dicere, ea quae non volt audiet. 705

Ego istaec moveo aut curo? non tu tuom malum aequo animo feres?

Nam ego quae dico vera an falsa audierim, iam sciri potest.

Atticus quidam olim navi fracta ad Andrum eiectus est

Et istaec una parva virgo. tum ille egens forte adplicat

Primum ad Chrysidis patrem se.

SI. Fabulam inceptat.

CHR. Sine. 710

CHR. Yes.

CR. You seek me, Simo?

SI. Come, Sir! Do you say Glycerium
Is by true descent Athenian?

CR. What, do you deny it then?

SI. Have you learnt so well your lesson?

CR. What's your meaning?

SI. Do you ask? 695

Are you to get off unpunished? Are you thus to tempt astray
Youths, well born and bred, that have not much experience of
the world,

Luring them to their undoing with your pleas and promises.

CR. Are you mad?

PA. (*aside*) Alas! I'm fearful that the stranger won't stand firm.

CHR. Come now, Simo, you'd not think it, if you knew this
gentleman,

He's a man of honour truly.

SI. What a man of honour—he! 700

In the nick of time he comes here, on the very wedding-day,
Though he never came before this! Chremes is this credible?

PA. (*aside*) If I did not fear my father, I could give sound reasons
there.

SI. Swindler!

CR. Sir!

CHR. Don't heed him, Crito; 'tis his way.

CR. (*getting indignant*) Let him take care;

If he says just what he pleases, he shall hear what won't please
him. 705

Is this my concern, or doing? Can't you bear your own mishaps
Calmly? You can test my statements whether they are true or
false.

Some time back an Attic merchant with a little maid—this girl—
From a wreck escaped to Andros. He by chance in his distress
Comes for help to Chrysis' father . . .

SI. (*interrupting*) Now the pretty tale begins! 710

CHR. Hush!

CR. Itane vero obturbat ?

CHR. Perge.

CR. Tum is mihi cognatus fuit,
Qui eum recepit. ibi ego audiui ex illo sese esse Atticum.
Is ibi mortuos 't.

CHR. Eius nomen ?

CR. Nomen tam cito tibi ?

PA. Hem,
Perii.

CR. Verum hercle opinor fuisse Phanium : hoc certo scio,
Rhamnusium se aiebat esse.

CHR. O Iuppiter.

CR. Eadem haec, Chremes, 715
Multi alii in Andro audivere.

CHR. Utinam id sit quod spero. eho, dic mihi,
Quid eam tum ? suamne esse aibat ?

CR. Non.

CHR. Quoiam igitur ?

CR. Fratris filiam.

CHR. Certe mea 'st.

CR. Quid ais ?

SI. Quid tu ais ?

PA. Arrige auris, Pamphile.

SI. Quid credis ?

CHR. Phania illic frater meus fuit.

SI. Noram et scio.

CHR. Is bellum hinc fugiens meque in Asiam persequens pro-
ficiscitur : 720

Tum illam relinquere hic est veritus. post ibi nunc primum
audio

Quid illo sit factum.

PA. Vix sum apud me : ita animus commotus 't metu

Spe gaudio, mirando hoc tanto tam repentino bono.

SI. Ne istam multimodis tuam inveniri gaudeo.

PA. Credo, pater.

CHR. At mi unus scrupulus etiam restat, qui me male habet.

CR. Is he to interrupt me?

CHR. Pray go on.

CR. My kinsman he,
Who received them, and he told me he was an Athenian.
There the stranger died.

CHR. His name?

CR. His name? Ah! not so quickly, please.

PA. (*aside*) Oh! torture!

CR. I think Phania was the name. Of this I'm sure,
He said he was of Rhamnus.

CHR. Heavens!

CR. Yes, Chremes, many more 715
In Andros heard the facts.

CHR. Would God it might be as I hope.
Tell me, was she his daughter?

CR. No.

CHR. Whose then?

CR. His brother's child.

CHR. She's mine.

CR. What's this?

SI. What say you?

PA. (*aside*) Prick your ears up, Pamphilus.

SI. What is your warrant?

CHR. Phania was my brother.

SI. Yes, I knew him.

CHR. To escape the war, he left the land and followed me
abroad. 720

He'd not the heart to leave the child; and from that day
to this

I've had no news of him.

PA. (*aside*) I'm near beside myself; distraught
With fear, hope, joy, at this good news, so wondrous and so
sudden.

SI. I am right glad, in many ways.

PA. Father, I'm sure you are.

CHR. But there's one knotty point remains to vex me.

- PA. Dignus es 725
Cum tua religione, odium ... nodum in scirpo quaeris.
- CR. Quid istuc est ?
- CHR. Nomen non convenit.
- CR. Fuit hercle huic aliut parvaë.
- CHR. Quod, Crito ?
Numquid meministi ?
- CR. Id quaero.
- PA. Egon' huius memoriam patiar meae
Voluptati obstore, quom egomet possim in hac re medicari
mihi ?
Non patiar. Heus, Chremes, quod quaeris, Pasiphila 'st.
- CHR. Ipsa 'st.
- CR. Ea 'st. 730
- PA. Ex ipsa miliens audivi.
- SI. Omnis nos gaudere hoc, Chremes,
Te credo credere.
- CHR. Ita me di ament, credo.
- PA. Quid restat, pater ?
- SI. Iam dudum res redduxit me ipsa in gratiam.
- PA. O lepidum patrem !
De uxore, ita ut possedi, nil mutat Chremes ?
- CHR. Causa optuma 'st :
Nisi quid pater ait aliud.
- PA. Nempe id ?
- SI. Scilicet.
- CHR. Dos, Pamphile, est 735
Decem talenta.
- PA. Accipio.
- CHR. Propero ad filiam. eho mecum, Crito :
Nam illam me credo hau nosse.
- SI. Quor non illam huc transferri iubes ?
- PA. Recte admones : Davo ego istuc dedam iam negoti.
- SI. Non potest.

PA. (*aside*) You deserve, 725
With all your scruples, bugbear . . . why, you'd find knots in
a *plane-tree*.

CHR. What is the point ?

CHR. The name does not agree.

CR. When she was young,
She had another.

CHR. (*excited*) Crito, what was that ? Can you recall ?

CR. I'm trying to think.

PA. (*aside*) What ! shall I let my happiness be barred
By his forgetfulness, when I myself can work the cure ?

Not I. (*comes forward*)

Here, Chremes, here's the name you want—Pasiphila !

CHR. That's it !

CR. Of course.

PA. I've heard it from her lips a thousand times. 730

SI. We're all delighted, Chremes ; that you will believe, I'm sure.

CHR. Indeed I do, most thoroughly.

PA. Well, father, what remains ?

SI. The facts have long since reconciled me.

PA. That's a good kind father.

Chremes won't change his mind ?

CHR. Not I. Things turn out splendidly :

Unless your father takes another view.

PA. (*holding out an empty hand, significantly*) What, this ?

SI. Just so.

CHR. The dowry is ten talents, Pamphilus.

PA. Agreed.

CHR. I long 735

To see my child. Come with me, Crito ; she won't know me
now.

[*Exeunt Chremes and Crito into Glycerium's house.*]

SI. Why don't you have her brought across to us.

PA. That's well advised.

Davus shall see to it at once.

SI. That cannot be.

PA. Qui?

SI. Quia habet aliud magis ex sese et maius.

PA. Quid nam?

SI. Vincitus est.

PA. Pater, non recte vincitus 't.

SI. Haud ita iussi.

PA. Iube solvi obsecro. 740

SI. Age fiat.

PA. At matura.

SI. Eo intro.

PA. O faustum et felicem diem!

SCAENA V.

DAVOS. PAMPHILUS. CHARINUS.

CHA. Quid illut gaudi 'st?

PA. Davom video. nemo 'st quem malim omnium:

Nam hunc scio mea solide solum gavisurum gaudia.

DA. Pamphilus ubi nam hic est?

PA. Dave.

DA. Quis homo 'st?

PA. Ego sum.

DA. O Pamphile.

PA. Nescis quid mi obtigerit.

DA. Certe: sed quid mi obtigerit scio. 745

PA. Et quidem ego.

DA. More hominum evenit, ut quod sum nactus mali

Prius rescisceres tu, quam ego illut quod tibi evenit boni.

PA. Mea Glycerium suos parentis repperit.

DA. Factum bene.

CHA. Hem.

PA. Why not?
SI. Because he's far too much engaged with business of his own.
PA. Pray what?
SI. He's put in chains.
PA. Oh! father, wrongly put in chains.
SI. (*pretending to misunderstand*)
I did not order *that*.
PA. I beg you, order his release. 740
SI. I will.
PA. Without delay.
SI. I'll see to it. [*Exit into his house.*]
PA. Oh! happy day!

SCENE V.

Enter CHARINUS, unobserved by Pamphilus, while he is speaking.

CHA. (*to himself*) Why is he so joyful?

PA. (*hearing door of Simo's house open*)

Davus! none more welcome in the world:

He, I know, beyond all others will be joyful at my joy.

(*Enter Davus, slowly and painfully, stiff and sore from his punishment.*)

DA. Where's this Pamphilus?

PA. Here, Davus.

DA. Who's that?

PA. I.

DA. Oh! Pamphilus.

PA. You don't know what I've come in for.

DA. (*ruefully*) No—I know what *I* have though. 745

PA. I have heard.

DA. That always happens: of the ills that *I* have met
You hear sooner far than *I* the good that has befallen *you*.

PA. My Glycerium's found her parents.

DA. Oh! well done.

CHA. (*to himself*) What's this I hear?

PA. Pater amicus summus nobis.

DA.

Quis?

PA.

Chremes.

DA.

Narras probe.

PA. Nec mora ulla 'st, quin iam uxorem ducam.

CHA.

Num ille somniat 750

Ea quae vigilans voluit?

PA.

Tum de puero, Dave ...

DA.

A desine.

Solus est quem diligant di.

CHA.

Salvos sum, si haec vera sunt.

Conloquar.

PA.

Quis homo ... O Charine, in tempore ipso mi advenis.

CHA. Bene factum.

PA.

Audisti ...

CHA.

Omnia. Age, me in tuis secundis respice.

Tuos est nunc Chremes: facturum quae voles scio esse omnia. 755

PA. Memini: atque adeo longum 'st illum me expectare dum exeat.

Sequere hac me intus ad Glycerium nunc tu. tu, Dave, abi domum,

Propera, arcesse hinc qui auferant eam. quid stas? quid cessas?

DA.

Eo.

Ne expectetis dum exeant huc: intus despondebitur:

Intus transigetur, siquid est quod restet. ω plaudite.

760

PA. And her father is our greatest friend.

DA. Who?

PA. Chremes.

DA. That's good news.

PA. There's no hindrance—I may take her home at once.

CHA. (*to himself*) What! does he dream 750

That he's won his waking wishes?

PA. Well then, Davus, for the child . . .

DA. Say no more! He's Heaven's darling.

CHA. (*to himself*) I am saved, if this is true.

I'll accost them. (*comes forward*)

PA. Who's that? Oh! Charinus, you are just in time.

CHA. This is splendid.

PA. Have you heard?

CHA. Yes, all. In your prosperity

Don't forget me. Chremes is your friend: he'll do whate'er you
wish. 755

PA. I'll remember, but 'tis tedious waiting till he may come out.

You come in with me and see Glycerium. Davus, you go home;

Look alive! bring slaves to fetch her: quick, don't linger here!

DA. I'll go.

[*Exeunt Pamphilus and Charinus into Glycerium's house.*

(*to the audience*) Do not wait their coming out: within the house
they will arrange

The betrothal, and whatever else remains. Your plaudits,
pray. 760

NOTE ON THE SPELLING.

THE same principles have been followed as in the Radley text of the *Aulularia* and the *Captivi*.

The symbol I stands for both I and J.

U and V are distinguished.

The termination of the acc. plur. of the 3rd decl. is given indifferently as -es or -is (Greek -εις).

The spelling differs from that of Cicero in the following cases:—

o for e — e.g. *vostrum*, *advorser*, *divorsae*.

o for u — after u or v

e.g. *quor*, *quom*, *ignavom*, *volt*, *mortuos*.

u for e — in the termination of the gerund.

e.g. *credundum*, *capiundos*.

u for i — in the superlative; e.g. *maxumi*, *facillume*; also, *conlacrumabat*.

qu for c — e.g. *quor*, *quom*, *quoiquam*, *quoius*.

For assimilation the practice of Cicero's time has been followed for purposes of convenience, though the assimilation was unknown to Terence.

Thus c assimilates to f — e.g. *effertur* (Terence—*ecfertur*)

d ,, t — e.g. *attinere*.

n ,, m — e.g. *immutatum*.

n ,, m before p — e.g. *imprudens*.

But d is not assimilated to c — *adcurrit*, *adcrevit*.

d ,, f — *adfinitem*

d ,, l — *adlegatum*

d ,, p — *adponi*, *adprime*

n ,, l — *conlacrumabat*, *inlusi*.

n ,, r — *inrides*, *inritatus*.

INDEX TO ARCHAIC FORMS OF WORDS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. 10 quor = cur ; cf. ll. 47, 73, 282, 445, &c.
 11 gnati = nati ; cf. l. 42, gnatum ; l. 532 gnatae.
 22 quomque = cumque.
 23 advorsus = adversus ; cf. ll. 178, 181.
 24 facillume = facillime ; cf. l. 206, maxumi.
 40 quom = quum ; cf. ll. 60, 93, &c.
 58 voltu = vultu ; cf. l. 326, volgo.
 87 vemens = vehemens.
 100 mi = mihi ; cf. ll. 115, 488.
 101 tuom = tuum ; cf. ll. 284, 476.
 111 quoiquam = cuiquam ; cf. ll. 325, 442.
 117 volt ; cf. ll. 282, 351, 705.
 121 aequom = aequum ; cf. l. 190, ignavom.
 131 deludier = deludi ; cf. l. 239, apiscier ; l. 390, claudier.
 133 hau = haud ; cf. ll. 298, 300, 440, &c.
 155 praescisse = praescivisse.
 176 divorsae = diversae ; cf. l. 23, advorsus, l. 181.
 179 advorser = adverser ; cf. l. 176.
 186 istuc = istoc ; cf. ll. 228, 257.
 190 ignavom = ignavum ; cf. ll. 101, 121.
 209 fide = fidei (dative).
 239 apiscier = apisci ; cf. ll. 131, 390.
 242 optume = optime ; cf. ll. 24, 206.
 243 quoius = cujus ; cf. ll. 555, 562.
 260 tuos = tuus ; cf. l. 101.</p> | <p>1. 267 ipsus = ipse ; cf. ll. 285, 339, 415.
 272 ornati = ornatus (genitive).
 tumulti = tumultus (genitive).
 326 volgo = vulgo ; cf. ll. 58, 400.
 338 nosti = novisti.
 352 illic = ille ; cf. l. 719.
 354 aibant = aiebant ; cf. l. 717, aibat.
 389 inducti = induxisti ; cf. l. 668, sensi, l. 669.
 390 claudier = claudi ; cf. ll. 131, 239.
 393 intumus = intimus ; cf. ll. 24, 242.
 452 vorser = verser ; cf. l. 179.
 467 convorti = converti.
 471 face = fac ; cf. ll. 503, 609, 621.
 482 quiesset = quievisset.
 486 capiundos = capiendos ; cf. l. 702, credundum.
 497 vacuom = vacuum ; cf. l. 613, iniquos.
 520 adposisse = adposuisse ; cont. from the form adposivisse ; cf. l. 533 ; adposisti = adposuisti ; cf. l. 553.
 527 ut quomque = ut cunque.
 530 vostrum = vestrum ; cf. l. 535.
 553 quoius = cujum ; cf. l. 243 ; quoius, l. 717, quoiam.
 561 pariundo = pariendo ; cf. ll. 486, 702.
 579 attigas = attingas.
 596 tetulissem = tulissem ; cf. l. 620, tetulit.</p> |
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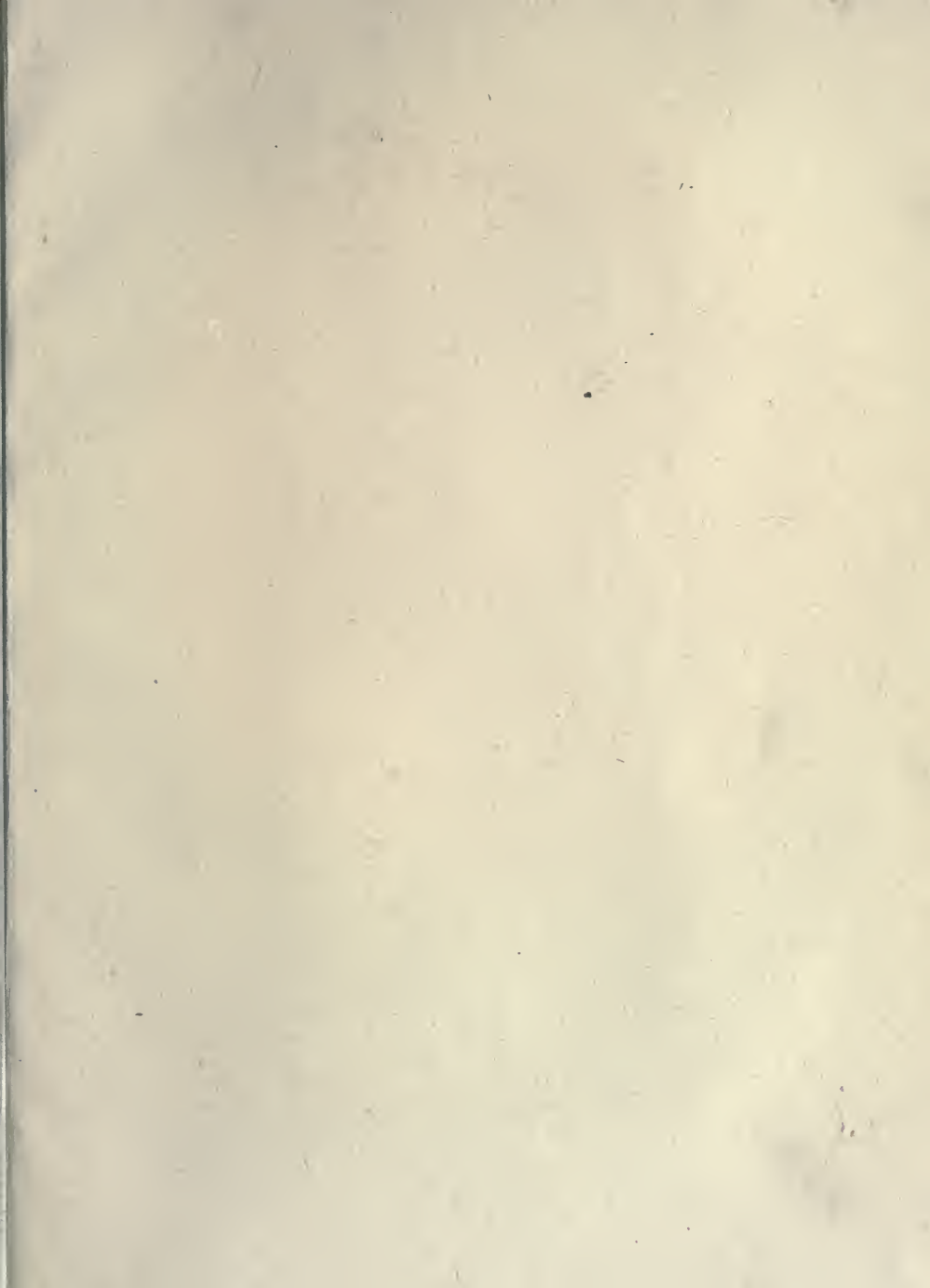
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|--|--|
| l. 605 anticum = antiquum; cf. cocum
= coquum.
638 dixi = dixisti; cf. ll. 389, 668.
668 sensi = sensisti; cf. ll. 389, 638.
669 inducti = induxisti.
702 credundum = credendum; cf. l.
486. | 713 mortuos = mortuus; cf. ll. 101,
190.
717 quoniam = cujam; cf. l. 553.
727 aliut = aliud; cf. l. 742, illut.
742 illut = illud; cf. l. 747.
752 salvos = salvus; cf. l. 713. |
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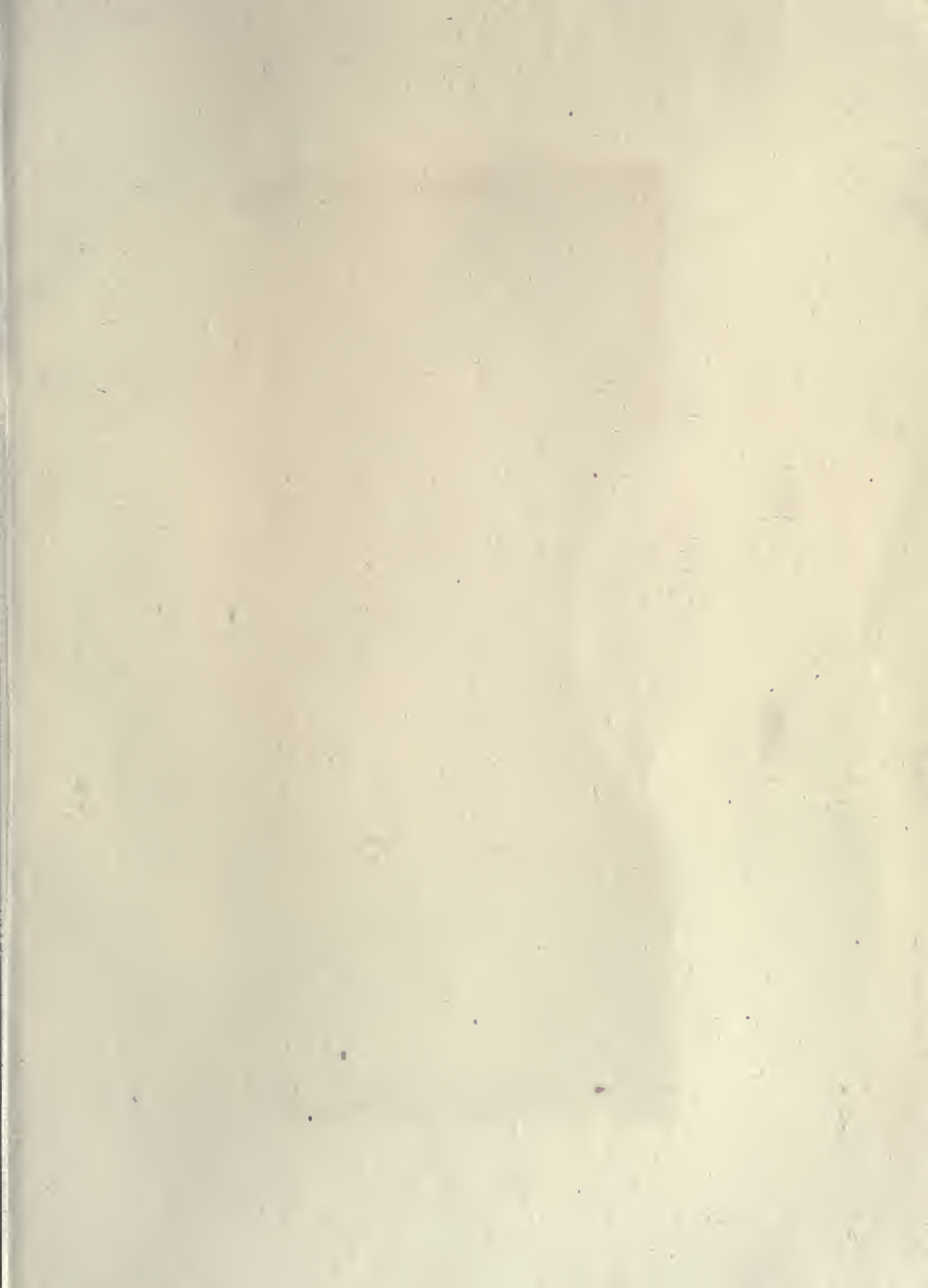
ARCHAIC FORMS, SHOWING THE S OF THE OLD FUTURE
(AND 1ST AORIST) STEM, CORRESPONDING TO THE GREEK σ .

- l. 544 faxis—fut. subj.
 550 excessis—fut. subj.
 640 faxo—fut. indic.

ARCHAIC FORMS SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC I
OF THE OLD OPTATIVE.

- | | |
|---|--|
| l. 150 siet—from sum, used as subj.;
cf. ll. 348, 442, 704; l. 201,
sient, cf. l. 297; l. 309, sies,
cf. l. 324; l. 403, siem. | l. 461 duint—from do, used as subj.
660 possiet—from possum, used as
subj. |
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